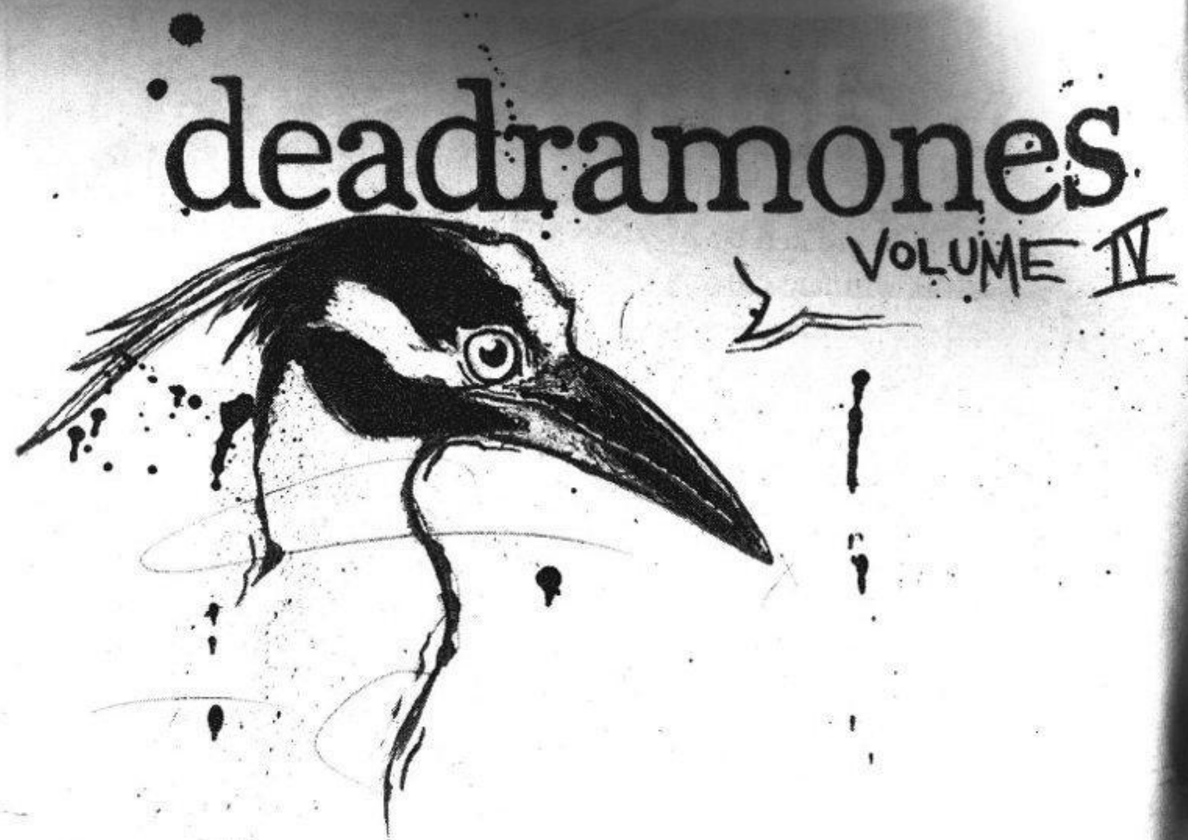
deadramones

VOLUME IV



Letter from the editor

Yo dudes, I'm pretty siked on this edition of deadramones. Some of my fav bands and people have words in here, including the return of Rob Walker... just givin' the people what they want, or at least force-feeding them what they don't. DR even goes international with some Russia and El Salvador coverage. Not to mention the K Brutal tour fun and interviews with a few super tight Midwest bands and the creepiest photo ever of Totally Michael. I realize this issue's a little soft on the skateboarding, but it's quality over quantity. Plus, I'm still skating the board I "won" at the last issue's release show. Anyways, thanks for reading, ripping or raging. Don't contribute to society, contribute to deadramones!

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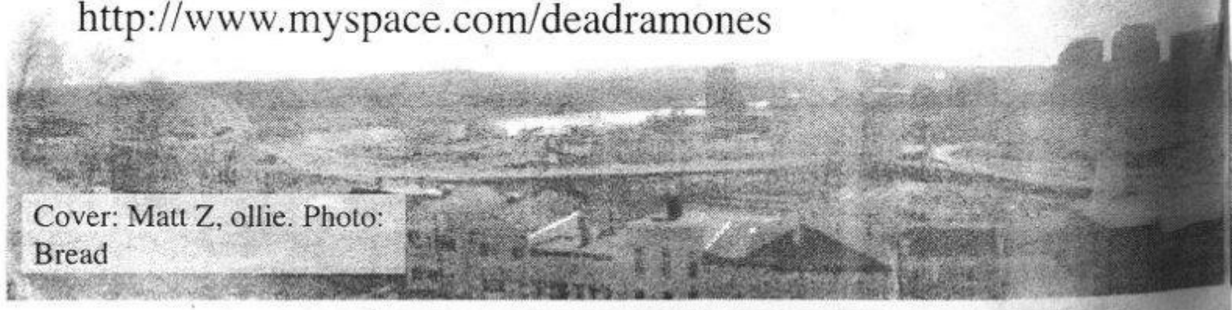


Cover: Matt Z, ollie. Photo: Bread

Contributors

Anything remotely cool looking, like that bird on the left, in this zine was probably created by **Mike Deye**, who also wrote the piece on the unfortunate closing of Coexist.

When I first started skating, my neighbor **Danny Burridge** could kickflip, but didn't even own a skateboard. Then he bought a drum set and was instantly good. Now he lives in El Salvador and writes awesome articles for me to publish.

Back in the day, **Sara Yaste** played in a pretty tight band called Get Sweaty. Now she writes poetry and stuff from a "musician compound" in San Francisco and changed her name to Jean.

My girlfriend and her friends got kicked out of a really lame party in New York and **Emily Verba** relayed the details.

Every photo of an Indy ripper or a park I'll never skate was taken by **Bread**. He moved from Carmel, IN to Tempe, AZ a couple years ago and I've been raiding his flickr ever since.

I was stoked when I received this email from **Joe Dees**... "Here's a little article I wrote I called "A Skateboarder's Short Guide to Moscow." It's not my best work, it may need some editing (cut away if you want), but in my defense (excuses), vodka is cheap here and my English is falling out of practice."

While I was on an overnight bus from NYC to Cincinnati, **Lacey Voss** texted me to tell me how sweet Monotonix's performance at Fuck Yeah Fest was.

After some Thoreau deliberation, **Steve Fauser's** article about dumpster diving now has two titles. I like 'em both.

Rob Walker Goes to Jail...

Hurricane. Photo: Bread

Let's start from the beginning. How did you get arrested to begin with?
I went to see this band The Booze—They're from Atlanta, they're like a Rock band—at my friend's house and I got really, really drunk and my friend Alexa was trying to drive me to her house so I could crash and not have to go home. We got pulled over 'cause she had a busted tail light. I was passed out in the backseat and she didn't have a license. They woke me up and took me out of the car and breathalized me and I blew like three times the legal limit. They were trying to make me go to the hospital to get my stomach pumped or something like that because they thought—that's when people start dying. Alexa called [Steve] Fauser and all those kids and they came and picked us up 'cause the cops weren't letting us go. I went to court and it was either a ten-day jail sentence or a year probation so I chose jail and I managed to only have to serve four days.

How old were you at the time?
Twenty. They charged it as Minor Consumption.

What was court like? Did you get dressed up?
Kind of. I wore my nice clothes and long sleeves to hide my tattoos. My dad was making jokes about how maybe I should wear gloves to hide the hand tattoos. The judge was real chill and real nice then the prosecutor for the state was hating on me. Just a full-blown hater. She asked if I would do a thing where I wouldn't drink for a year and I'd have to do check-ups all the time. I said I wouldn't do that. I was going to be 21 in two months so that would be fuckin' stupid. She just wasn't very happy with me and she said moving to Chicago was a bad idea 'cause she feels like I'm trying not to better myself. Then they handcuffed me to the bench and I had to sit there for six hours then got hauled off in a paddywagon with a whole bunch of habitual offenders.

Did you get your one phone call?
You actually get a lot of phone calls, but it costs a lot of money. My girlfriend had to buy a $25 time card where you only get 20 minutes. My dad bought one too.

What was your cell like?
It was with six other people. They had way too many people in the jail so there were these things called porta-bunks or something. They were just these plastic bunks that were lying on the floor. Luckily, I had the top bunk which is tight. There were these skateboarder kids from Noblesville, Indiana that I knew. They were there for dealing ecstasy, it was kind of cool. I knew a few people in there. All

"I only took one shit"

the crazy dudes were like "ah, I'm feelin' your ink bro!"

How many times did you take a shit?

I only took one shit and it was really awkward 'cause there's no walls or anything. You're taking a shit and you look over and there's someone else taking a shit.

Did you take a shower?

Yeah, I only took one shower right when I got there and a guard watches you shower. You have to put this stuff all over your body to make sure you don't have lice or something. I smelled real bad. They didn't give me any shoes or anything to wear in the shower so it's just like some scummy shower. I probably got some disease on my foot.

Did they make you work during the day?

Nah, all we did was—you'd have two hours and then there'd be an hour of lockdown all day. So it'd be like two hours, an hour, two hours, an hour. We would just hang out, play cards and stuff, then during the hour lockdown we'd just sleep. You have to be in your cell by midnight and then you sleep until 5 a.m. and they have coffee. The coffee is just like—you just add hot water to it and it's really gross. The kids in my cell were putting the coffee beans in tissue paper and then swallowing it. It was supposed to give them a straight shot of caffeine. They just tried to get fucked up, I guess, which is hilarious. One kid smuggled cigarettes and rolling papers in. He went to this funeral; he put it in a condom and put it in his ass. They were smoking in the shower and shit. They actually got caught, too. The night before I left, the cops walked in and they were in the shower. They didn't really get in trouble, they just ended up searching everybody's bunk and if they found anything, they put you on the list or something.

"Hopefully it never comes down to me laying in bed with Andy Roy"

I read an interview with Andy Roy where he said when someone left the cell he would lay in their bed and when they got back he would convince them to have sex with him. Keep in mind he had herpes. Did you ever hear about shit like that?

Nah, I didn't see anything like that. I wish I did.

If Andy Roy was in your bed, would you be down?

Depends how long I was in there. If it was a while I might have to take one for the team with Andy Roy. Hopefully it never comes down to me laying in bed with Andy Roy.

Are you going to get one of those tear tattoos?

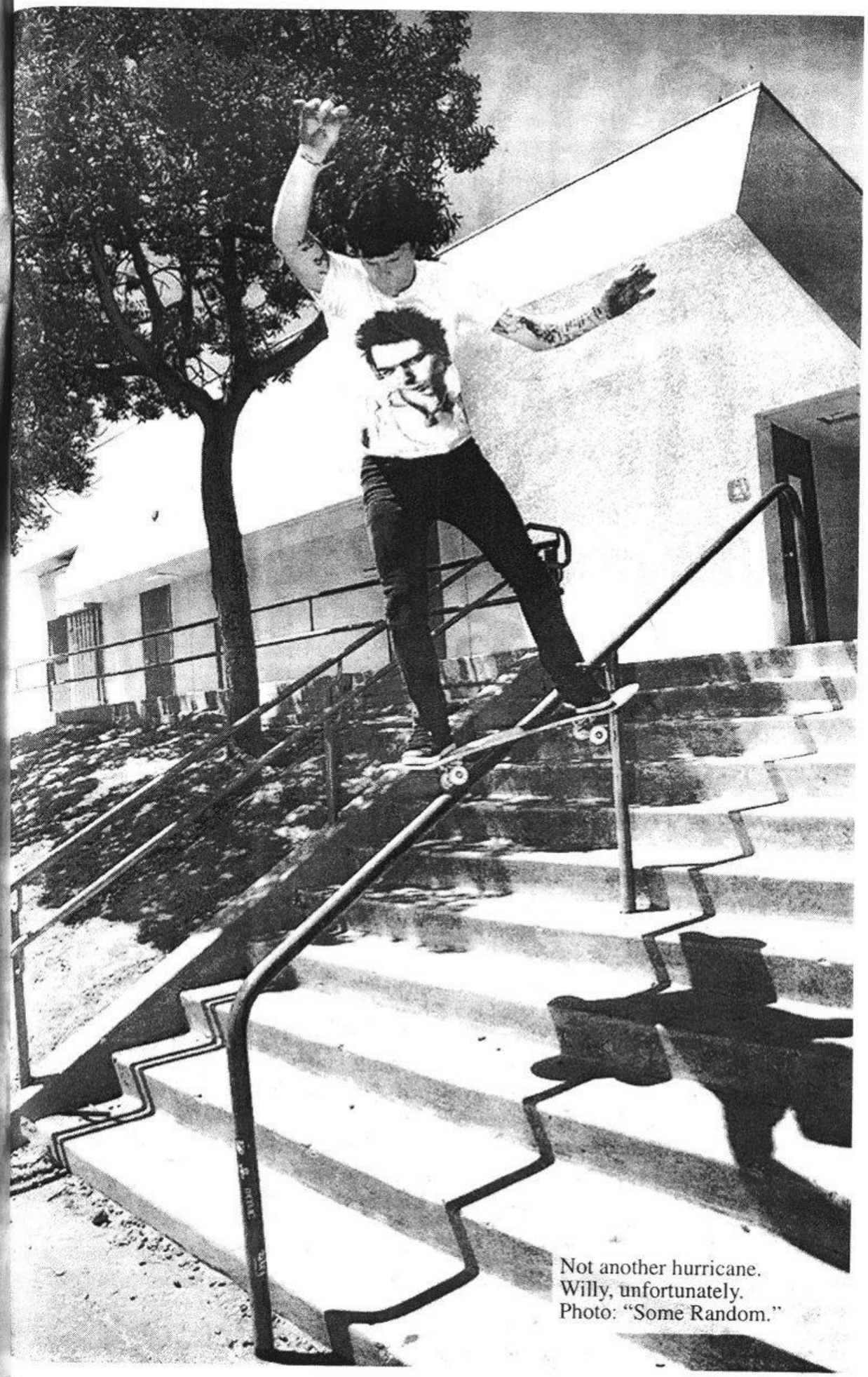
Maybe. I already have jail-looking tattoos like homemade guns and shit.

Anything you want to add?

Don't go to jail. It's not worth it, but it's not that bad. So if you do, don't worry.

Was it better than not drinking for a year?

I think I would rather go to jail than not drink for a year.



Not another hurricane. Willy, unfortunately. Photo: "Some Random."

SHIT HAPPENS

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO COEXIST...

BY MIKE DEYE

There are a lot of stupid rumors going around about why Coexist skate shop closed down. And one of them is so fucking stupid that I have to address it.

I was told, before anyone outside the shop knew it was closing, that Demented skate shop was planning on shutting Coexist down. I have no clue where this rumor started. And I have no clue how they could pull it off if the rumor was true. Maybe they actually said it, maybe they didn't. But whatever the case may be, the rumor's still out there.

Demented had nothing whatsoever to do with the shop's closing. And neither did any other shop for that matter. This also includes Satellite 13, who I've heard the same rumor about. The real reason Coexist closed is a far dumber one than all the false rumors being spread.

Coexist closed down because three retards, that led three retardedly busy lives, didn't have any time to devote to the shop they started. The owners decided to open Coexist without realizing that their plates were already ridiculously full. How they missed this, I haven't a clue. When they realized it, it was already too late; they were stuck in a two-year lease. I wish I could say there was more to it, but there isn't. So on the two-year anniversary, also the end of the shops lease, Coexist closed down because no one had any time to run it.

Pretty fucking lame, I kind of wish the rumors were true and Demented had put it down. It would have been a far more honorable death. At least then I wouldn't feel so ashamed about being a part of it...

Tim Devlin,
Tail Block.
Photo: Bread

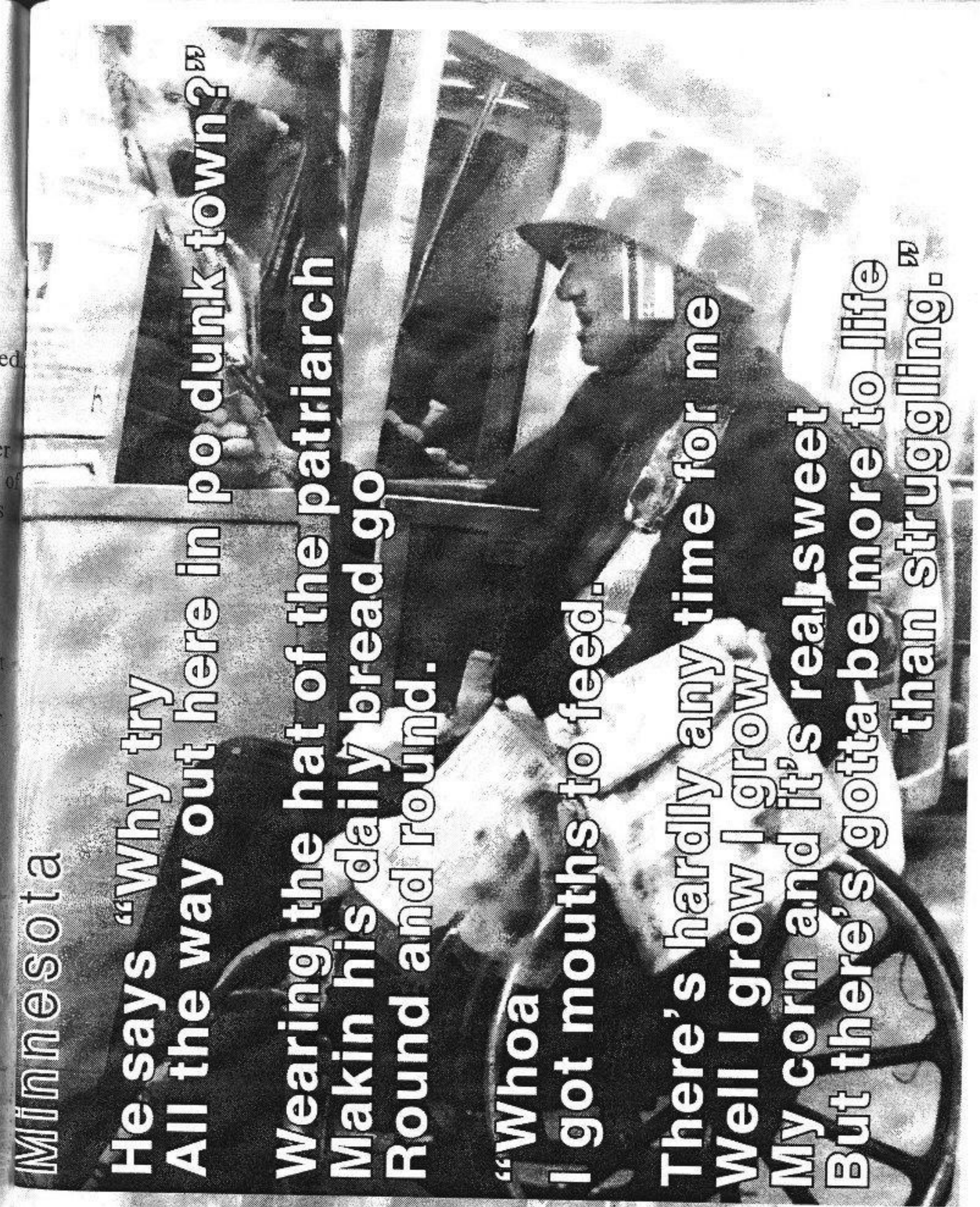
The Best Corner Store, *Ever.*

For the last four years, I've lived in Stop-n-Go country, a small, yet indefinable nook of Cincinnati identified by its distance to said corner store. And for the past four years I was content with my corner store. Cheap High Life and PBR in a variety of packs, not to mention a decent ale or dark beer for special occasions. Hell, the $4 bottle of champagne I drank at 3 p.m. on the day of my final exam was from Stop-n-Go (and paid for by the selling-back of used literature, I might add). But of course, like the cans lining the floor of my room, my relationship with Stop-n-Go began to rust. Corner stores are much more than beer runs, but Stop-n-Go never really filled any other roll.

What am I to eat after a long night of flieering only to find that at this hour even Skyline and Jimmy Johns are closed? Stop-n-Go's refusal to carry vegetarian refried beans was always displeasing. This forced me onto a strict spaghetti diet, which wasn't terrible, but the routine got old. Fast. Also, the fruit section consisted of a lime or two at the bottom of a cooler. Who knows how old? Not to mention, the only time anyone in Clifton needs a lime is for margaritas or Coronas, and we can easily steal them from Chipotle. As far as snacks go, Stop-n-Go satisfied—Hot Buffalo Wing Pretzels, Hot Fries and tortilla chips (but no veg beans to dip!) are all I ever needed.

But on one hot and humid evening—and I'll remember this night for years—we were on our way to the deadramones III release show at murmur and Stop-n-Go had no ninety-nine cent bottles or cans of PBR (they were $1.09 at this point, anyway) and the dude at the counter told us they'd been discontinued. Literally, he said no one was making PBR any more. I shortly found this to be completely untrue, but man, what a damper on my evening. Soon afterwards, the price of Newcastle shot up $1.50 overnight. Things were looking grim. I knew it was time to stop... 'n' go somewhere else.

During the aforementioned four years of dedication to Stop-n-Go, I made the occasional purchase at Riddle Road Market on the way to a party or when underage friends needed booze (they ID now, fuckin' rats…), but it was always in, grip a 40, out. No shopping around. So when I moved into a tiny one-bedroom apartment a mere block from the Brutal Road Market, I'll admit I was nervous about the possible end of somewhat satisfying late night snacks. I wandered in around 2 a.m. one early September evening. To my delight I was greeted with actual dining options! Whole wheat pasta?! Cans of vegan chili?! Bananas?! Even a rack of veggies and Brita water filter replacements (I need one, bad!). My late-night snacking wasn't facing death but a magnificent rebirth. I went with the vegan chili, a sleeve of crackers and a banana. But the snacks were just the beginning. Oh, glorious PBR tall can, how I have missed your sweet embrace! A wave of excitement shot through me as I faced myself in the video-monitor as I checked out, Reds kicking ass over the radio. I took a deep breath as I stepped out onto that beautiful Riddle sidewalk to unlock my bike, confident as I rode up that hill, that I was home.



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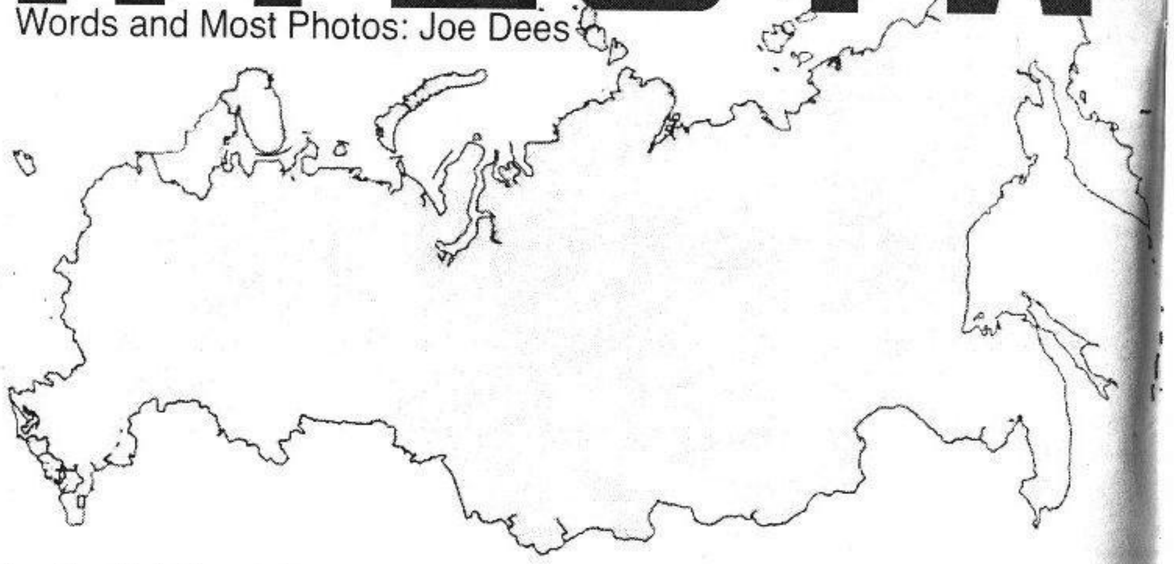
A Skateboarder's Short Guide to MOSCOW

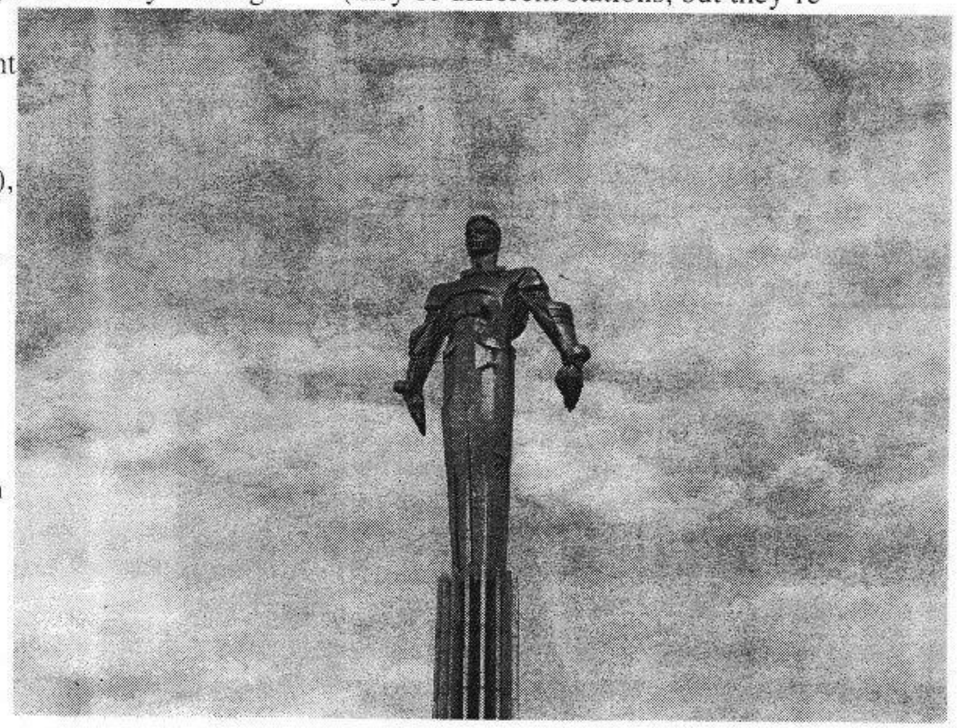
Words and Most Photos: Joe Dees



I realize that if any of you want to travel to Europe to skate, you will probably want to hit Barcelona or Marseilles—both of which are amazing, by the way—and that Moscow is probably not on your radar. But it is a great city for skateboarding, sightseeing and partying. There are spots and beautiful women everywhere. The latter being from all parts of the world, consisting of every style, shape and size. They like western men (except me, for some reason) because Russian men are typically coarse and chauvinistic (and no, I'm not chauvinistic). Plus, women outnumber men, so many of the ladies are single. Vodka is cheap, a liter bottle of Stolichnaya only runs about $7-10 dollars! Beer is cheap and available everywhere and the city never sleeps or stops drinking/partying—though you'll find your share of people passed out randomly throughout the city. Public transportation (buses, trams, trolleys, and the Metro (subway)) is cheap, easy and fast and the dollar is strong here, so the exchange rate is much more favorable to the Ruble than it is to the Euro.

I'm here for school, which is five hours a day, six days a week, with an ass-load of homework, so I don't get to live it up as I should—though it has all made me feel 5-7 years younger (I'm 28). But enough of that, on to the scoop!

Don't ask me where to stay, because I don't really know, but like any major (European) city, there are plenty of hostels and hotels (buy a guide or use Google), there are also plenty of sluts to shack up with. But if couch surfing without the chlamydia risk is your style, the locals are super friendly once you see through their tough, Russian exterior. As for spots, there are plenty of them everywhere. I think the Soviets were skateboarders. They loved marble, stairs (particularly double sets), randomly placed ledges, flat rails, rather low handrails (by Cincy standards), banks, bumps, wallrides and what I always call "Philly stairs" (stairs you can skate as ledges. the sidewalks are typically smooth, wide and spacious. The catch: Russian winters take their toll on many of the surfaces, so you have to know how to avoid cracks and skate on brick. I would advise you ride at least 54-millimeter wheels, maybe a little softer than normal too, but that's just me. You could easily skate 1992-style bearing caps, too. Alleyways and the little plazas outside of buildings can hold gold. As do sidewalks or pretty much wherever, but the best place to find a good spot is at any of the hundreds of squares, "площади," and monuments throughout the city—though if it's a big tourist spot or a monument to an author (the greatest heroes in Russia are authors), it may be a no-no. There are a couple whack, little parks under a few of the bridges (I forget which ones) and a really nice indoor one in the far north of the city—last stop on the orange Metro line: "Medvedkovo." FYI: it's about an hour's ride from one end of the city to the other.



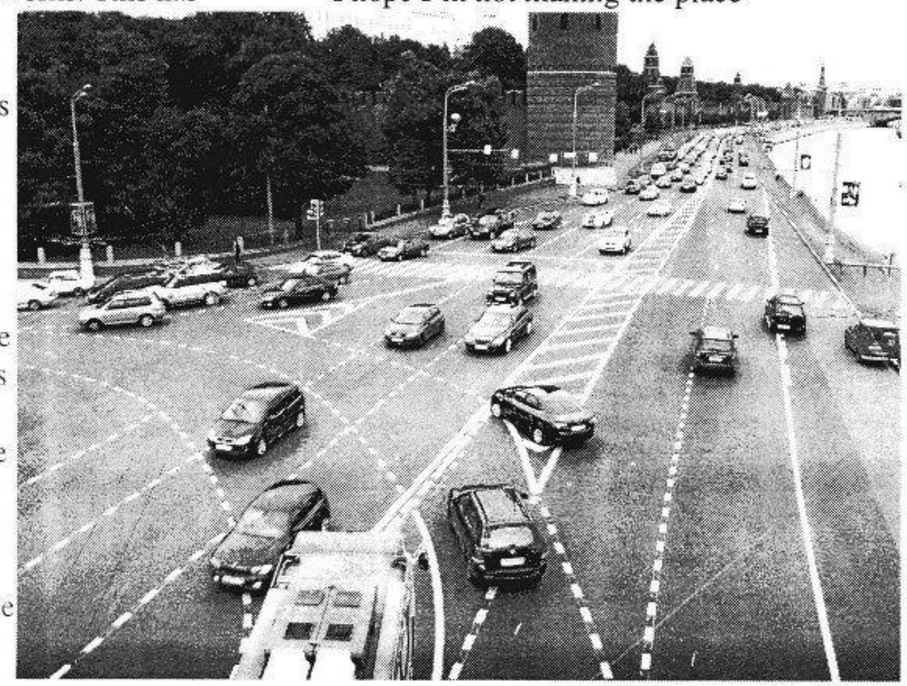
My two favorite spots are the Novy Arbat (новый Арбат) and Oktyabrskaya (Октябрьская). The Novy Arbat is a hip and trendy spot in town with a really long strip mall thing that has smooth, gray, marble ledges from ankle to waist high, with step-ups, escalator ledges, etc. as far as the eye can see. Every time I've been there, there have always been multiple crews skating there without even seeing each other, and I would just move up and down seeing who was coolest. There are so many ledges that if anybody could make a line covering the whole thing without repeating a trick, it would take an entire song in a video and I'd think they were a video game. It's probably impossible. Seriously, these things go forever. The ledges are great, you just have to watch for the pedestrians who don't look/care that you're hauling ass at them, and you can't skate in front of the casino, the guards kindly ask you to move down the way. To get there just take either the dark or light blue Metro lines to station Arbatskaya or Smolenskaya (they're different stations, but they're parallel and not far from each other. It really makes no sense—It's Russia).

Oktyabrskaya is a sweet spot just outside the Oktyabrskaya Metro station (where the orange and brown lines cross) with plenty of red marble ledges, some stairs and a good manual pad underneath the gaze of a giant Lenin statue. There always seems to be quite a few skaters there, some with a lack of skate etiquette. Some of the surface is fucked, but you learn to deal with it faster than you learn to deal with the Cyrillic alphabet. The

spot is great, it's a downhill ride to Gorky Park and the guys I've met there have always been cool.

The local skaters are great, at least one in a group will speak enough English to help you out and ask you plenty of questions. If you ask, they'll show you around the city, introduce you to girls and buy you a beer (expecting reciprocity). I've come across some rippers, but most are a little behind American standards of skills. You have got to remember that skateboarding hasn't been here very long, and that the winter is really fucking long. They like to skate rather tech and love to play S.K.A.T.E, though they play either ДУРАК (fool) or СУКА (bitch). If you play, watch out for varial flips and inward heelflips, but school them on nollie tricks. If you're out to impress them, just speak English, because I haven't figured out what it is they like (then again I don't have much to impress anyone, nor do I try). They all try to skate tech but gave no props for my kickflip backside tailslide or a b/s 180 fakie 5-0 180 out, but they clapped for a 50-50 on a ledge off of a five-stair. But regardless, talk to the guys. They're typically really chill and friendly. They'll show you the spots and will help you avoid trouble.

As for the Милиция (police), don't be intimidated by their menacing demeanor or military-like ways (soldiers are often to be mistaken for cops, they do some patrols), but don't assume they'll be friendly or help you out either. Never talk back to the cops here, Russian police standards of patience and brutality are very different to those in the states or Europe. If they talk to you and you don't know what they're saying—you probably won't, but you can often get the gist by gestures; or stick with an English speaking Russian skater—just apologize and take out a pack of cigarettes and offer them one, a lot of times that's all they want. It will at least be enough to discourage their interests. Even if you don't smoke, carry a cheap pack. They can be bought for less than 50 cents. And if they want to take you in for "document checks," ask if you can get a beer first and see if they want one too, it supposedly works. This has never happened to me personally, but this is the advice the Russians gave me. "Friends" can be bought and sold pretty cheap in Moscow if you know what to do. I'm sure security guards at some of the fancier buildings and in the new corporate center can be bought rather cheaply too if you know what you're doing. And never underestimate the reach of the Mafia. If you're cool, they'll be cool—It's like skating in OTR, you just got to know how to fit in.



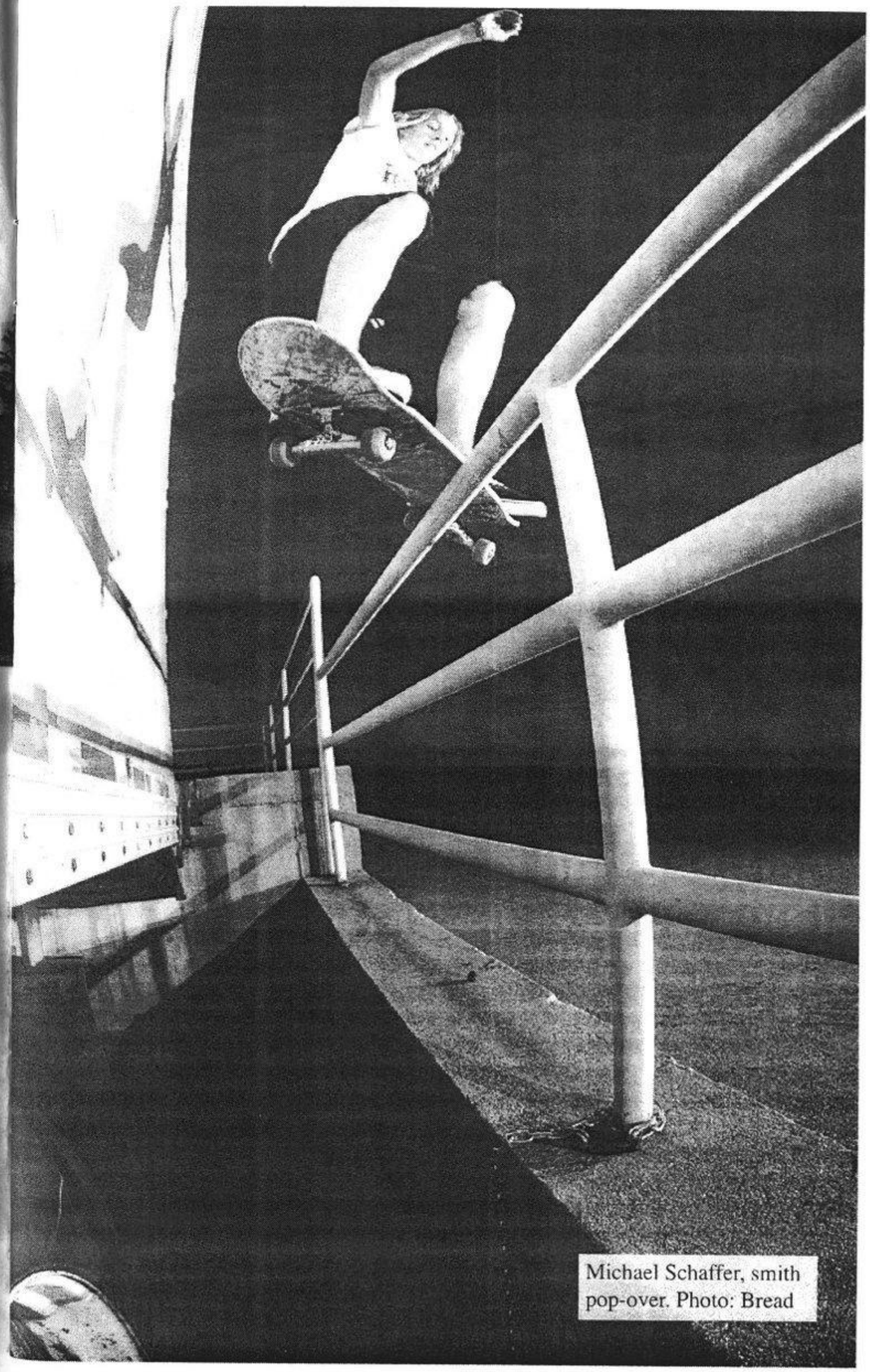
The guys you really have to watch are the skinheads, neo-fascists, and soccer hooligans, who are often one in the same and drunk. Like a lot of trends in Russia, these dudes try to emulate jack-offs they see in movies and attempt to act like English skins/hooligans, but don't really get it. If you're of darker skin, you really have to watch it. I hate to say it, but even the cops will be more likely to stop you, harass you and ask for your passport—It's my least favorite aspect of Russia. But as for the hooligans, I've been told that they associate skateboarding with hip-hop and black American culture, which they don't like, so they're prone to give you shit. The few I've come across are usually rather restrained and are struck by my being American so they relax enough to be talked to. The trick to these guys is to "agree" with their political views: "Russia's enemies suck," "Putin rules," "Saakashvili sucks," "NATO sucks," etc., and of course ask if they want a beer (they will). If you pop off the bottle cap with your skateboard it really wows them.

I hope I'm not making the place seem scary; it really isn't bad at all. The people are easy to read and you'll figure out the flow of things before you're over the jet lag from the 10-hour flight. The biggest threat to a skater's (and anybody in Moscow's) health is the traffic. I'm not sure the Russians have really figured out how to drive, and I definitely don't want to try to drive here. Any street can seem like the Autobahn; pedestrians never have the right of way, even in a crosswalk with a walk signal (you have to really watch out); the number of lanes painted on the road is no indication of how many there really are or where people will be driving and "off-street parking" means the sidewalk, so stay alert there too. Though this has its upside too, it provides the opportunity to ollie cars. I've seen them parked under big ledge gaps, and near my apartment there is always a BMW parked on the business end of a decent bump, it looks set up for a Jeremy Wray b/s

heelflip.

Stuff to pack: you have to remember that Moscow doesn't exactly have the best climate for skateboarding. it is famous for its long and brutal winters and in the summer it is known to rain. A lot. But when the weather is good it is great. From June through August you're set. Clothes-wise, I'd suggest packing a hoodie, and from September through April an Underarmour cold weather shirt is a good idea. You may want to save some good skate videos on your laptop—don't expect the Internet to work correctly when you're bored and need it. It doesn't hurt to pack some good toilet paper, the stuff here is like the paper in those Gideon Bibles. I haven't figured out if the Gideons make extra money selling toilet paper or if the Russian toilet paper manufacturers make extra cash selling Bibles. A backpack that can carry a skateboard is a good idea, or even better: one of those skatebags you can hide the board in—it prevents looks on the Metro (remember the hooligans?) and other unwanted attention. I've never had a problem, but most of the locals seem to have them. Also, make sure to pack tools and extra skate stuff. A pro-model deck in Russia runs about $100! So unless you're some weird high roller who likes spending money, you may want to pack an extra or two, as well as bearings and other gear. it's also an opportunity to make some extra $$$, the Russians have really taken well to capitalism, but don't pack too much or your intentions may be obvious, which would cause a problem in customs.

Anyways, Moscow is awesome and a lot of fun. The people are cool, the vodka is smooth, and the women are beautiful. Sorry girls, you don't have much to look at unless you find me lurking nasty somewhere. So if you visit, be ready to have fun and to experience something like you never have before, but could you bring me some Skyline and a bottle of Maker's Mark please?



Michael Schaffer, smith pop-over. Photo: Bread

Monotonix was like the best show I have ever seen.
Fuck that. Did you take pics?
Yes, a ton! I will post them, they are awesome!
Email some hi-res ones to deadramoneszine@gmail.com
I will, there are some crazy sick ones. Also, they threw beer, garbage and I think puke at us.
Their puke?
I don't think so. I think it was in the garbage... I think it's in my hair.
Fuck yeah.
Yes, indeed.

Photo courtesy of Drag City.

I knew Teeth Mountain were tight before I ever heard them. We played with them, Family of Love and Ed Schrader a while back and some of the first things they said to me were "do you want some pizza?" and "let's get everybody drunk." Their set was one of the loudest I've ever seen. It ruled too, ask any of the five people that stuck around. Later we all crashed at my place. The next morning, I headed to work hungover and the nomads were off to the next town.

Is it hard to get eight people out of work or any other commitments for extended and frequent periods of time to tour?

Andrew Burt: We don't actually require or usually have eight people performing with us.

Kate Levitt: There's a solid core of four of us—me and Andrew Burt and Justin Frye and Greg Fox—who don't have real jobs and are down to tour at anytime. It was actually just the four of us on the Round Robin tour.

Greg Fox: I actually do have a real job teaching music at a program for high school kids two days a week, but for the most part, if my schedule allows, I'm down to play.

Burt: And Andrew Bernstein has played almost every show with us, except for this last tour. And 'Lil Max is able to join us for most shows since he joined the band. The band can mutate to fit the needs of our various lifestyles.

Levitt: We shapeshift.

Burt: It's most often like four to six people. We've only played a show with eight like a couple of times.

Andrew Bernstein: I think the most people we have played with as Teeth Mountain was something like 10. And friends that we are on tour with or that we meet on tour often play with us if we have a connection. We definitely shapeshift.

What are some of your favorite cities or venues to play or bands to play with on tour?

Levitt: Family of Love and The Super Vacations and Prince Rama of Ayodhya are our best friend bands. It's always awesome to play with them. Oh, and Kill and Eat—you should interview them. And The Tanks from Iowa City, they are new friends. And all those bands we were just on the Round-Robin Tour with, they were all awesome. There's so many bands that are fun to play with. Oh, and we can't forget dear Ed Schrader.

Burt: Yes, Ed Schrader is my favorite man to tour with.

Levitt: Iowa City has always been good to us. That kid's house was cool. And Shawn Reed is the man.

Burt: I really enjoy LA. Those tacos are so, so dope. There are great places all over this land. I can't really pick favorites.

Bernstein: Rhinoceropolis in Denver is a really great and fun place to play. But LA has the tacos and the beach. We didn't play a show there, but we spent the night in Taylor, Mississippi and met some wonderful people and I would go back and play there any time. It's a beautiful place.

Fox: Anywhere with good tacos... Nautical Almanac and Smart Growth.

> "You figure out where the napping spot is, where the place to go get some Joose, tacos and pizza is"

You just finished the Baltimore Round Robin Tour. What's the deal with that? How were the shows?

Levitt: It was sick, the shows were great. We played to some of the biggest audiences we've ever played to, we were traveling with 55 of our friends and it ruled.

Burt: It was a crazy, fun circus. It was a very exhausting tour, but the loads of fun more than made up for it.

Bernstein: I was only there for the last two nights in NYC, we played two shows each night and it was indeed a crazy, fun circus. I really liked the feeling of playing one five-minute set and then you take a rest for 45 minutes or so and then do it again. It felt like much less pressure than playing a normal show. And I liked that there was no opener or headliner and no one gets screwed playing first to no one. It felt very communal.

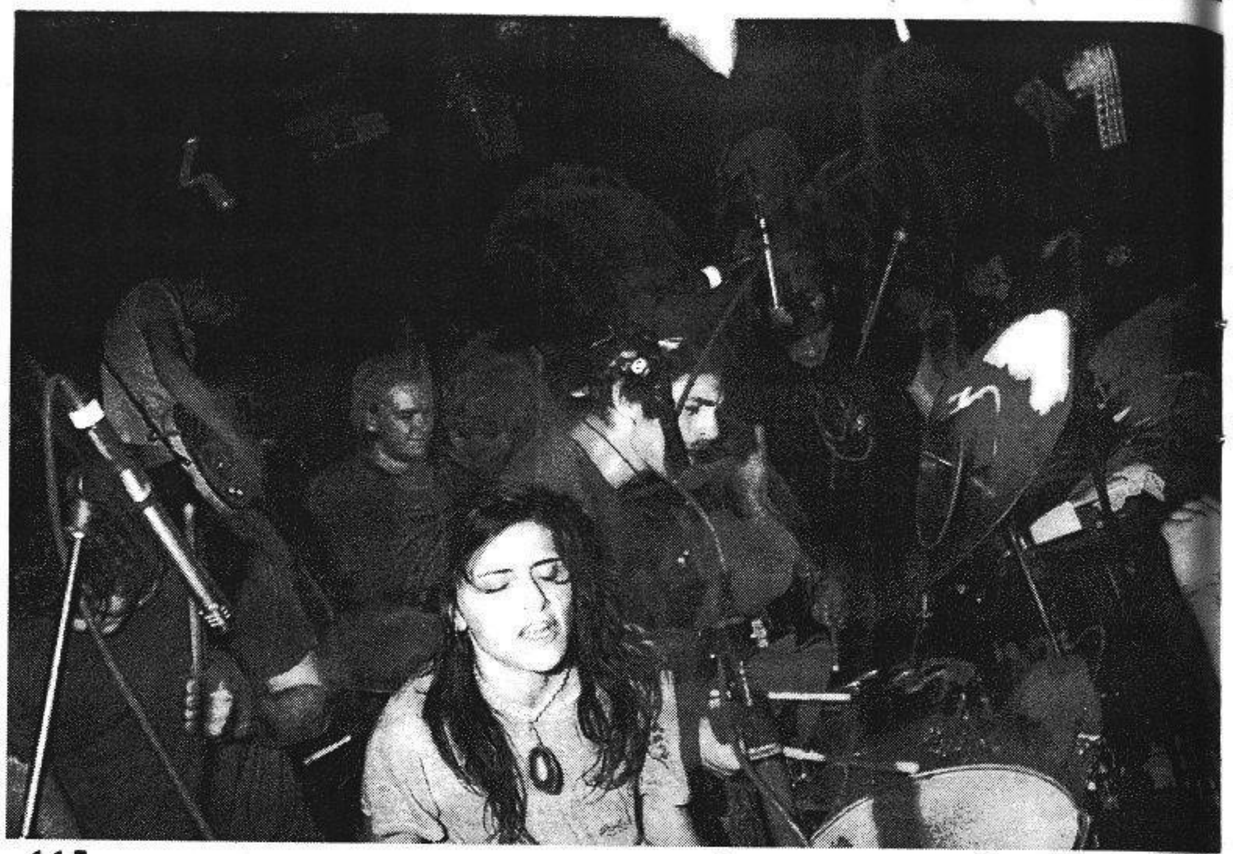
Fox: Best tour ever. I was totally energized and inspired by the people we were surrounded by.

It seems like the Round Robin shows have been at places you usually might not play. Is that true at all?

Burt: Yes, that is true. I never thought we'd go to Buffalo, NY. Yeah, I mean a lot of the venues were like big, legit club-style places, but we also played at a few colleges, which we've done before. Also, at an art museum in Detroit, which was cool.

Levitt: We like to play DIY places more, at least I do anyways, and there were none of those on the tour. We got to play in a big church in Chicago though and that was really cool. It sounded really good too.

Burt: Playing the big club-places was a weird experience. Dealing with management people and bouncers and the like was probably the most negative aspect of the tour. At one of the New York



"I mean, we're white"

shows, a bunch of us witnessed this thug-ass bouncer choke and put the beat down on this kid. It was whack.

Fox: It's nice to get a chance to play venues like that, ones you would never play as a band on your own. It definitely added to the fun of the tour to pull up to these huge spaces and just be like, "okay, so tonight it's gonna go down here..." But then again it ends up being just like any other venue you play to a certain extent. You figure out where the napping spot is, where the place to go get some Joose, tacos and pizza is, where's the exit to go out back and smoke, etc.

How much of the live or recorded material is improvised jams and how much is written out?

Burt: These are great mysteries.

Fox: Mystery over manifestation, and vice versa.

You have a pretty interesting quote from the Boston Police Department on your Myspace. Something along the lines of "I don't know what god or gods you all are praying to, but you're praying too fucking loud." Where did that come from?

Burt: It's funny because that was probably the least amplified show we ever played. We did this show at our friends' place, The Whitehaus, and we were to be the last band after a whole day and evening of bands. After so much music, we decided that rather than pummeling the people with loud sound, we would do something a little more meditative. So it was just me playing a drone on amplified violin and Kate strumming a guitar in an open drone tuning and Bernstein blowing some clarinet and all of us—all of us in the band and everyone in the room—vocalizing along with the drone. It evolved into this frenzy where everyone was creating this huge drone and I guess it was rather loud because the cops came and that's what the cop said when Shane, who lives there, opened the door.

I've read reviewers describe your music as Indian, African, North-African, Tribal, Neo-Tribal, Balkan, Middle Eastern, Ancient, Neo-Ancient, Primitive and Primal. How much are you influenced by ancient or tribal or whatever stuff as compared to contemporary stuff?

Brian the roommate (from the other room): Say you don't have many recordings of ancient music.

Levitt: We listen to, like, some... of... that stuff. People say it sounds tribal because we have multiple drummers and don't play in four. And because we all used to stand in a circle, people just called it a drum circle and people equate that to tribal music.

Burt: I'm not really sure what primal or ancient or tribal music is, let alone neo-primal, neo-ancient or neo-tribal. We listen to music from other parts of the world, yes, but also music from America. Old things and new things. Groups, tribes, cults, individuals...

Levitt: Andrew tunes his guitar in a funny way and that helps too maybe. And someone was saying how stupid it was that everyone focuses on the non-American aspects of our sound when most of the electronic things we're influenced by are American. And, I mean, we're white.

Burt: Yeah, I would probably say that my biggest influence in the context of this band is American stuff from the late '50s and early '60s—La Monte Young, Tony Conrad, blah blah blah. And yeah, I don't really know what ancient music sounded like.

Bernstein: I've studied some African and Indian rhythm and percussion and that music definitely influences how I play, but more than that I feel like our music is more a collaboration of everyone's influences coalescing into Teeth Mountain than us sitting down and sculpting our style.

Fox: Word. If I had a taco for every time we were called "tribal," I'd be fat.

Are these descriptions more or less just another case of white kids with blogs?

Levitt: Sometimes they are newspapers.

Burt: Blogs say a lot of things. I guess I can understand where these people are coming from, but I'm not sure what it means.

Levitt: It's just words, y'know. They don't mean anything. I mean, neo-ancient is... that means nothing... that couldn't possibly mean anything. It's an inherent contradiction. That doesn't make any sense. That's like saying the chair is to the leftright of the coffee table.

Burt: But maybe it helps people understand what we sound like.

Levitt: But it couldn't possibly help anybody because it doesn't mean anything.

Burt: I don't know, they've got to evoke something.

Levitt: Primitive? I mean, we live in houses you know. We're not like that.

Bernstein: But we are a heavily percussive group sometimes and there is something primal about the drum. Maybe that's how people identify with the music.

Fox: The blog people aren't saying that we're personally primitive, they're saying the music is. I'd generally agree... primal applies.

Is there any Middle Eastern drum circle music on your Ipod?

Levitt: I don't have an iPod.

Burt: I don't have an iPod.

Bernstein: I have a CD that Sublime Frequencies put out of folk and pop music from Iraq, but I don't know if the drums they used were in a circle.

Fox: Nope, but there is some Setswanna drum circle music on mine (from Botswanna). The group is called M'Bira.

How did the instrumentation, sound and vibe of Teeth Mountain come about and develop?

Levitt: We all got into a huge fight and then started making awesome music. Because we hated each other.

Burt: me and Kate met at school and decided we wanted to form a band. We started jamming and we just put drums on

the floor instead of having a drum set. That was step one.

Levitt: Sounded kind of bad, kind of good.

Burt: Then we got our friend Owen to play cello with us. Birth of the drone. I wasn't sure what instrument to play in the band at that time so I was doing guitar sometimes and bass sometimes or keyboard and a laptop generating sound.

Levitt: Then we got extra drummers in a weird way.

Burt: In a weird way?

Levitt: Yeah, because remember Andrew Bernstein was with us that time in the e-music studio when we were recording that stuff and he played with us but Greg St. Pierre was sleeping on the floor. But then for our first show Andrew Bernstein couldn't come so we got Greg to play.

Burt: Me and Owen decided it would be good to have more drummers to fill things out since we weren't using a drum set. So we got those other dudes on board. Then my girlfriend at the time, Grace, bought a musical saw from the Internet and started playing that with us when we would get together to jam. That wasn't a deliberate creative development, just kind of happened. So that was the first full lineup of the band. But then Grace and I broke up.

Levitt: And then very shortly thereafter, Grace and Owen got together. It sort of created a chasm in the band, if you will.

Burt: Those were harsh times. Friendships were destroyed. But we all kept making music together.

Levitt: Right after that we recorded Keinsein. Then we went on a three-week tour in January with Ed Schrader. That's when we met you—we stayed at your house and broke your cup I think, but didn't tell you. Sorry. Your roommates seemed kind of pissed about us too. Anyways, it was a good tour, but there were a lot of tensions.

Fox: That January tour was when I joined. My other band Family of Love was on the tour for a week and the Andrews joined us for a bunch of our sets, and I was playing drums with TM... It was exciting. I'd also add for whatever record that I love Owen and Grace, I don't know how appropriate it is to expose all of this personal information. I want to know when Greg St. Pierre is going to play with us again. I miss hanging out and playing with that dude.

Burt: But after that tour, those two began to drift apart from the band. It was hard to work together because we didn't talk to each other, and also they weren't down with going on tours, while we were trying to tour pretty much all summer. So we started getting new collaborators. Nowadays we have Justin Frye playing cello and bass, Max Eilbacher playing violin and saxophone and occasionally DJ Dog Dick (Max Eisenberg) on electronics.

Levitt: The band has morphed.

Burt: Into a nice beast, yes.

I think by using non-traditional instrumentation such as a saw and laptop, you take a pretty big step away from the ancient stuff. Was there a conscious decision to do things differently?

Levitt: No, no thinking.

Fox: It's best when these decisions are made unconsciously.

Burt: Differently from what? We wanted to be different from other bands, sure.

Levitt: But every band wants to be different from other bands. No one says I want to be exactly like this other band. And like, there's shit we have and shit we don't and we have computers so we're going to use it.

Burt: I think a lot of bands do want to sound like other bands. But anyways, we're not consciously going for an ancient or modern sound –there's an effect we want to create and we try to create that. Outside of time.

Levitt: Yeah, no time.

Burt: So no, we are not consciously trying to sound like any certain time or place, but we do make decisions sometimes.

Levitt: Yeah, we make tons of decisions.

Burt: But not about time-sounds or place-sounds.

Has the saw ever cut anyone?

Levitt: Well it is no longer with us. Maybe it has cut someone since then.

Burt: I don't recall it ever having cut anyone... physically.

Levitt: Maybe sonically.

If I remember correctly, you guys use floor toms and other technically "rock" type kits rather than congas or obscure African drums. Why's that?

Levitt: Because we don't have any. That's not like a choice we made. We've talked about getting some stuff like that.

Burt: But it's expensive.

Levitt: We can't really afford to get those things and sometimes shitty drums sound fine.

Burt: Yeah, in the beginning, a number of us were drummers or had drum sets so we just threw all the floor toms and snares together. Now we have a giant pile of various toms and snares in our basement. And that's what we use.

Fox: I think it's also a matter of honesty. I came up as a metal drummer and I play in mostly rock-oriented projects on a full drum set. In Teeth Mountain, I see it as us modifying the traditional (or moreso typical) drum setup from a rock-orientation to something different, augmented for multiple players. Using "obscure, African drums" would be dishonest because it's not like we're making them ourselves from trees and animal skins, we'd be buying them. If I built my own drum, it wouldn't be African anyway. But I would eventually like to get into that.

I think every band I've heard recently and been hyped on has been from Baltimore. What's going on there? It seems like a good place to be playing music right now.

Burt: Baltimore is awesome. It's a real fun place to live. It's also a real cheap place to live. A lot of people can get away with paying very little for rent—I pay $100 a month. People here are very chill, too—not a lot of ego nonsense—a supportive community.

Levitt: It's also centrally located between

the north and the south, which makes it easy to tour. New England and New York aren't far away and neither is the south so it's a good location.

It seems like every there show is Halloween. What's with the costumes at shows?

Levitt: That's... wrong.

Burt: Yeah, I don't know so much about that. I don't see so many people wearing costumes. I feel like that's probably coming from people writing about Baltimore being such a whacky place. Sometimes there's whacky looking people around, sure...

Levitt: But there is in every city, really.

Burt: This dude from Chicago wore a dead rat around his neck during Whartscape 2007.

Levitt: But he was from Chicago, not even from Baltimore.

Burt: I think that's become sort of legendary. But no, people don't dress up all wacky all the time. Occasional weird characters, overzealous art students...

Bernstein: I thought that guy was from Oakland. Wasn't he in that band that played on the bus too?

Burt: That band—Living Hell—that tours and plays shows in a big veg oil bus is from Oakland, but that dude lives in Chicago. Anyways, no, it's not Halloween everyday here. Though people are at times... flamboyant.

Fox: Some people are freaks in every city.

I think because of the Wham City thing--or for whatever reason--a lot of outsiders view Dan Deacon as the dude responsible for everything and anything DIY in Baltimore. Is there any truth to that?

Burt: Dan Deacon is a very hardworking dude who does a lot of stuff for many people and bands, but in no way could you say he's responsible for everything. And Wham City is certainly not the only show in town. There are other strong communities like the west side noise scene and other great networks of creative people like the Floristree that put on cool stuff that existed well before Wham City set up shop. He has brought a lot of attention to Baltimore and has done a lot for the place, but there are so many people who are on this grind, living this life, and making this kind of shit happen in this town. And one of the best things about this place is that all these various people and communities are down with doing shit together. No one here feels like Dan is the king of all things here—he's another dude like us and a friend and a good soul.

Levitt: I agree. That's exactly what I was going to say.

"Drink Sparks in the morning"

What even is Wham City?

Levitt: Well, that question is one we get asked really frequently. At its simplest, Wham City is a group of friends. But there are many meanings to it. At one point it was a place where some of us lived and had shows. That is the physical definition. There were three locations. But mainly it's an email list.

Burt: It's a research and development entity.

Fox: Sweet dudes.

What is the Comfort Dome and how did it come about?

Levitt: It's a fucking mess.

Fox: The house I narrowly avoided living in. Too much drama in there, but I love its inhabitants.

Burt: Well, before all that drama had gone down, we were all really tight and decided that we should all live together. So we found this big house with a basement where we could all live, jam and do shows. Then all that shit happened and we all moved in anyways and did those things but it was less idyllic than we had imagined. But we have

thrown some awesome shows and have had some really rad times and rad barbecues and wonderful guests at this home and it's a cool place and it's been good to us.

Levitt: We have two cats here now.

Burt: Trips and Keef.

Levitt: They love each other.

Is there any significance to the name Teeth Mountain or any of the song names?

Levitt: The song "Kill and Eat" was named after the band Kill and Eat and then they wrote a song called "Teeth Mountain." And the song "Spirals" is named that because it is the sound of a spiral staircase being played. "Keinsein" means non-being, which is cool.

Burt: Grace came up with the name one night when we were all at drinking at the Mt. Royal Tavern, the finest drinking place in Baltimore. I usually come up with the song names. They mean lots of things.

How did you get distribution in Spain?

Levitt: This dude Christian contacted us.

Burt: He said he wanted to release our CD over there. He lives in Barcelona. Very nice dude.

Do you sell a lot of records over there?

Levitt: Maybe.

Burt: I haven't asked.

Ever plan on touring out of the U.S.?

Burt: Yeah we've been talking with Christian and some other people about going to Europe. Hopefully we can make that happen next year. And Dan just got back from Brazil and said it was sick. He gave us some contact information. Our friend Dylan Ettinger from Indiana wants to go to Mexico together. I was talking to this band AAM from Mexico and they said it's totally doable to tour down there.

Levitt: Really if given the opportunity we'd go anywhere.

Any last words? Advice for the kids?

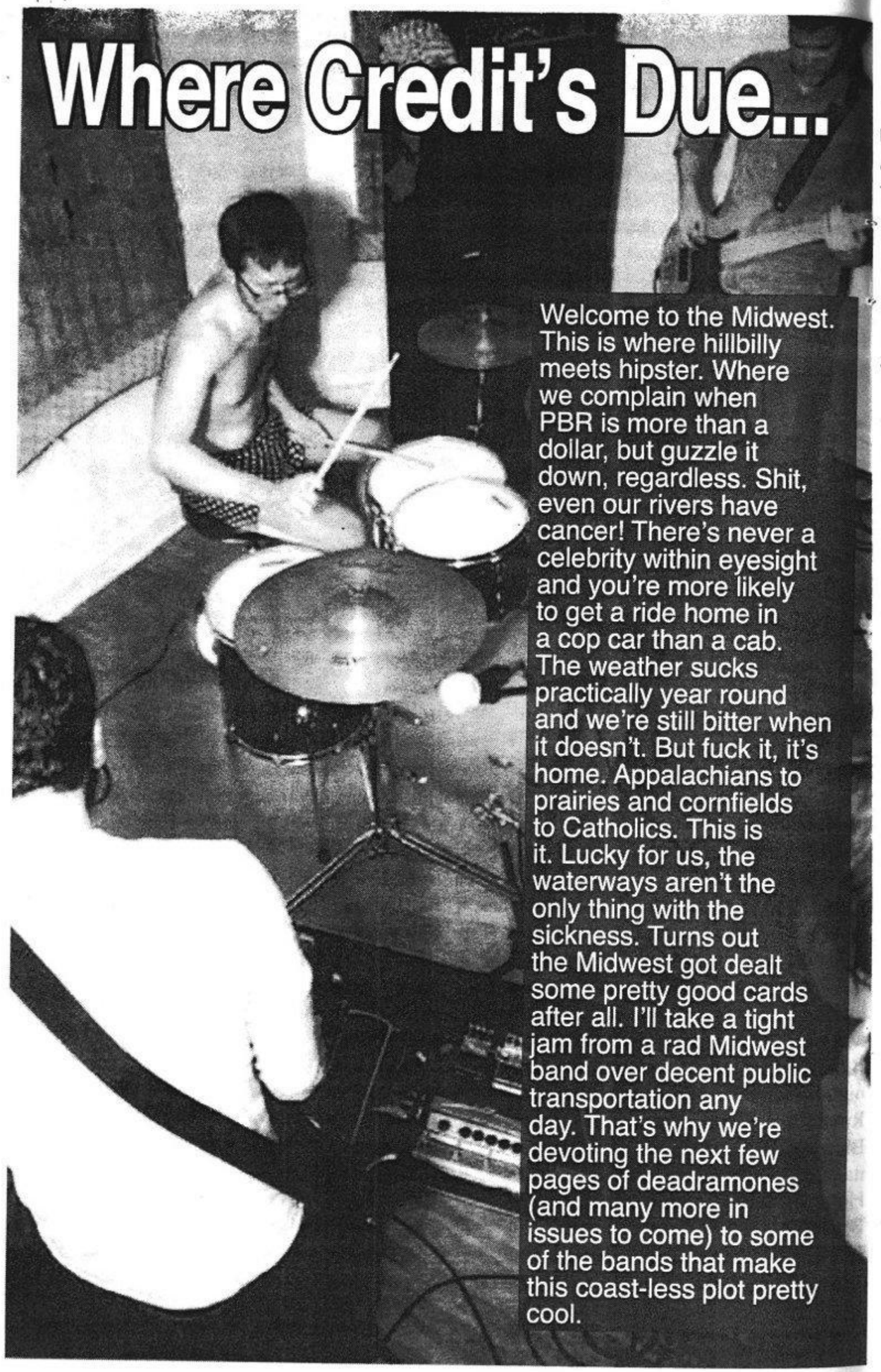
Burt: Stay chill. Drink Sparks in the morning.

Levitt: Live fast, die.

Bernstein: Brush your teeth twice a day.

Fox: Peace age. Infinite Limbs. Yao. Better be in a cave or wearing a copper suit on December 21, 2012 or else you gonna get fried by some gamma rays.

Where Credit's Due...



Welcome to the Midwest. This is where hillbilly meets hipster. Where we complain when PBR is more than a dollar, but guzzle it down, regardless. Shit, even our rivers have cancer! There's never a celebrity within eyesight and you're more likely to get a ride home in a cop car than a cab. The weather sucks practically year round and we're still bitter when it doesn't. But fuck it, it's home. Appalachians to prairies and cornfields to Catholics. This is it. Lucky for us, the waterways aren't the only thing with the sickness. Turns out the Midwest got dealt some pretty good cards after all. I'll take a tight jam from a rad Midwest band over decent public transportation any day. That's why we're devoting the next few pages of deadramones (and many more in issues to come) to some of the bands that make this coast-less plot pretty cool.

Mans

I think Mans do a pretty good job of explaining their sound when they describe it as "sea turtles coming ashore to lay their eggs...with a lot reverb, delay, and distortion." It's pretty accurate, but I'd probably add something about the turtles thrashing around and pumping their little fists. There's a great, emotional dynamic to Mans. Their heavy parts are infused with harmony (who thought a trumpet could rock so hard?) and transitioning buildups and breakdowns are melodically rocked with layers of calming feedback and guiding snare rolls. Totally sick tunes, always touring and their albums are free to download. Is there anything else more Midwest?

What are some good things about living/playing in the Midwest?

Mmmm, I've lived in Illinois (either Chicago or Bloomington) my entire life. Every time I travel I'm like "woah, Illinois is flat and boring!" but for some reason I don't have much of an interest in leaving. There is something quite charming about this area, don't know what exactly, but yeah. When I lived in the Chicago area my favorite place to go to was Chesterton, Indiana, a tiny little town east of Gary that's right on Lake Michigan. I liked going there because being on the lake was awesome. It was the only place in the Midwest that didn't feel like the Midwest. I think the lake--or any large body of water--gives you a sense of vastness. When I moved down to central Illinois, it took me a while to find that vastness. Going out in the cornfields at night and looking at all the stars and not having that sickening ambient red light burning your brain is a close second to open water. So yeah, the Midwest kicks ass because of... vastness? I don't even know if that's a word.

...And some not so good things?

Urban sprawl, narrow minds, people in cars shouting shit at you while you're trying to get your bike ridin' on. Frigid, cold, grey weather in the winter. It gets so grey around here in the winter, I've been reduced to tears!

How is the DIY ethic different here than in other areas?

I don't know if it's really any different. Every time you go some place new you can see tiny little differences but you can also see a lot if similarity. We're all just one big family, brah.

When you tour, how is the crowd response or vibe different in the Midwest verses other areas?

People like us here more, I don't know, they move around. Most other places people watch us with these blank stares, sometimes it's hard to tell if they're digging it or bored out of their skulls. I used to hate playing Chicago, even when I lived there! After Fireside closed I think Chicago was a bit of a void as far as all ages venues goes. And it definitely had a whole lot of shitty attitudes. Thanks to the kids from Lautrec, The Guesthouse, and Shitspace, Chicago is seriously starting to rule again.

What advice would you give to out-of-towners about Bloomington, Illinois?

The coffeehouse in downtown Normal, Illinois is like the only vegan/vegetarian restaurant in town I think, so eat there. There are a lot of hippy chick babes with flowing skirts employed there as well, so yeah-yeah, bonus. The food is pretty good and reasonably priced, but since they're hippies they don't really know much about being quick. Make sure you are patient. It's sad that this is the only useful info about Blo/No I could give to whoever is reading this.

Name one totally fucking rad band from the Midwest readers probably haven't heard of.

Cordycep Deth from Wichita, Kansas or Antilles from Toledo, Ohio.

PRIZZY PRIZZY PLEASE

After seeing Prizzy Prizzy Please in my girlfriend's basement and subsequently listening to their addictive self-titled album, I can't help but think that Prince must have played Bloomington, Indiana sometime in the '80s and met and seduced four young ladies backstage. Twenty-some years later and we have Prizzy Prizzy Please. This is R&B-infused, party-punk at its absolute finest. Loud, fast and weird. These guitar-less freaks have the energy and rockmanship to get any basement poppin' off, not to mention some sweet sax licks and a song about having fleas!

What are some good things about living/playing in the Midwest?
Living and playing shows in the Midwest is extra special because people here really know how to make a lot out of almost nothing. Most of us have grown up and spent much of life in relative mediocrity, so a failed expectation isn't a regular occurrence. Most of the bands that we've met and connected with from the Midwest are regular dudes like us that enjoy spending most nights shooting the shit and sucking down a pack of cigarettes. Boredom seems to build brotherhood extremely well.

...And some not so good things?
Some not so good things about where we're from include extreme weather--it's either really fucking hot or really fucking cold--proximity to St. Louis, the complete absence of Whataburgers, and the utterly tragic disease that causes love for the always disappointing Chicago Cubs.

How is the DIY ethic different here than in other areas?
DIY in the Midwest, in our experience, has proven to be a little more open to a variety of people. Bands of all different kinds come through our neck of the woods because... well... they have to in order to get to wherever they're going (Crossroads of America). Accommodation for their style, ideals, sound, you name it. Other parts of the country that we've experienced, areas that are a bit more geographically cornered in, tend to develop niche scenes that can be hard to break into.

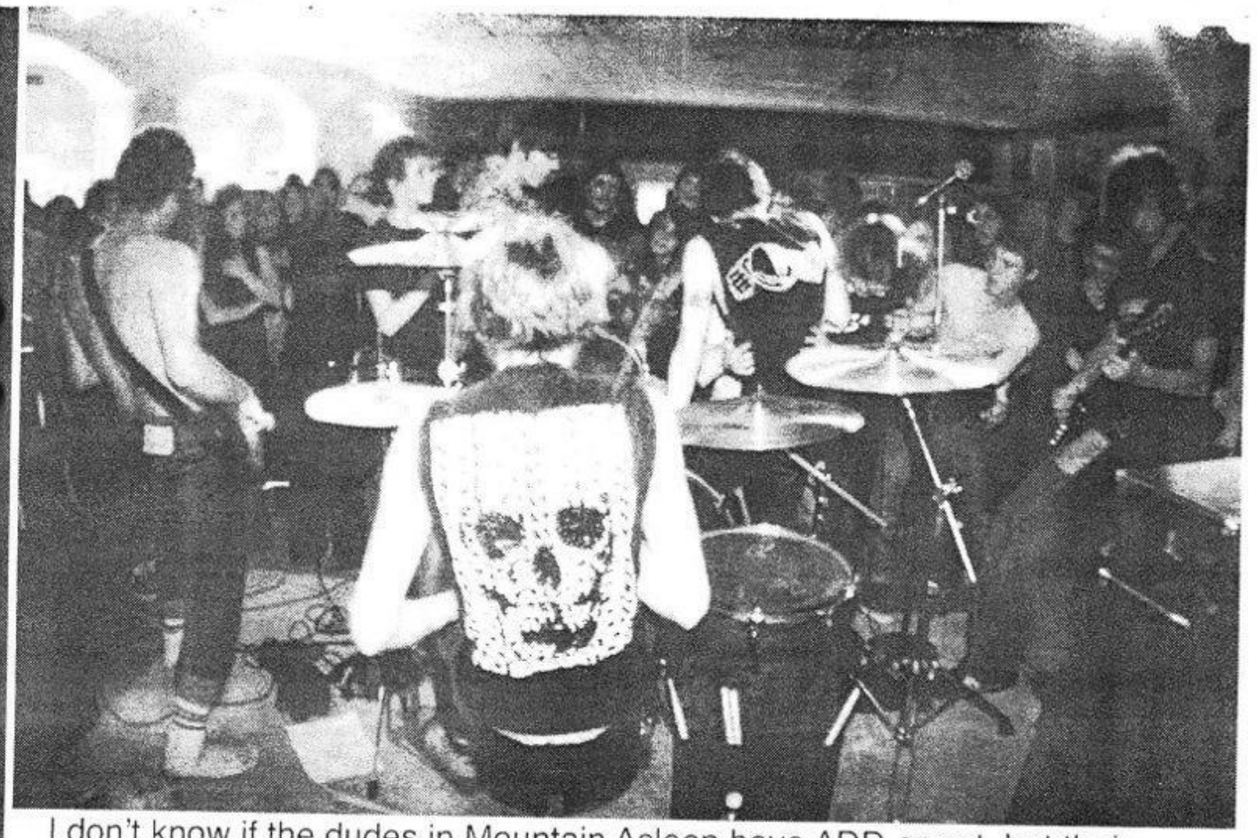
When you tour, how is the crowd response or vibe different in the Midwest verses other areas?
Midwesterners seem to digest our party-hard/never-serious attitude much easier than people of other places. Not to say that we haven't done well elsewhere, but I feel like our rapport with fellow Midwesterners is greatest by far.

> "The best thing to do is grab a $5 12-pack of Southpaw Light and give me a call"

What advice would you give to out-of-towners about Bloomington?
When in Bloomington, the best thing to do is grab a $5 12-pack of Southpaw Light and give me a call. 219-613-9453 let's hang.

Name one totally fucking rad band from the Midwest readers probably haven't heard of.
Right now, I'm on a really huge Push-Pull kick. They're a fellow Bloomington band comprised of three dudes named Mike (two of which are brilliant engineers). Super rad riffing, melodic, noisy, poppy, off-beat, two-minute power jams with dual lead vocalists. Way cool shit. We're really excited to be part of a split 7" with them that's coming out in November. It's going to be called PPPPPEP. So many P's...

Mountain Asleep



I don't know if the dudes in Mountain Asleep have ADD or not, but their music certainly isn't proving the case that they're rational human beings. Hailing from Louisville, Kentucky, The four-piece deconstructs punk rock and rebuilds its own version, complete with a hint of math-pop harmonies and raspy vocals. They build solid, energetic songs on a foundation of a million and one tempos and time signatures. Once they pick up a groove, it's thrown clear. The result is, at times, difficult to follow, but the chase sure as hell is fun.

What are some good things about living/playing in the Midwest?

Playing and living in the Midwest is great because we get to cultivate some really great friendships throughout the rest of the region. We've made a lot of friends from other places like the east coast and further south and even out in California, but it makes it easier to have invested friendships with people when it's easier to visit them.

...And some not so good things?

What sucks is the Ohio River Valley. I think Louisville is an allergy haven and I'm basically allergic to everything so I'm usually sick with a sinus infection. If you see me coughing up some phlegm you can assume that I'm either on antibiotics or about to be. Seriously, fuck allergies.

How is the DIY ethic different here than in other areas?

I don't know if the D.I.Y. ethic really differs too greatly in other regions in comparison with the Midwest. I think it's a matter of timing. A community can't necessarily be progressively productive, that sort of thing comes and goes. People just have to stick around throughout the down times and really enjoy the inspiring and productive times when they are around.

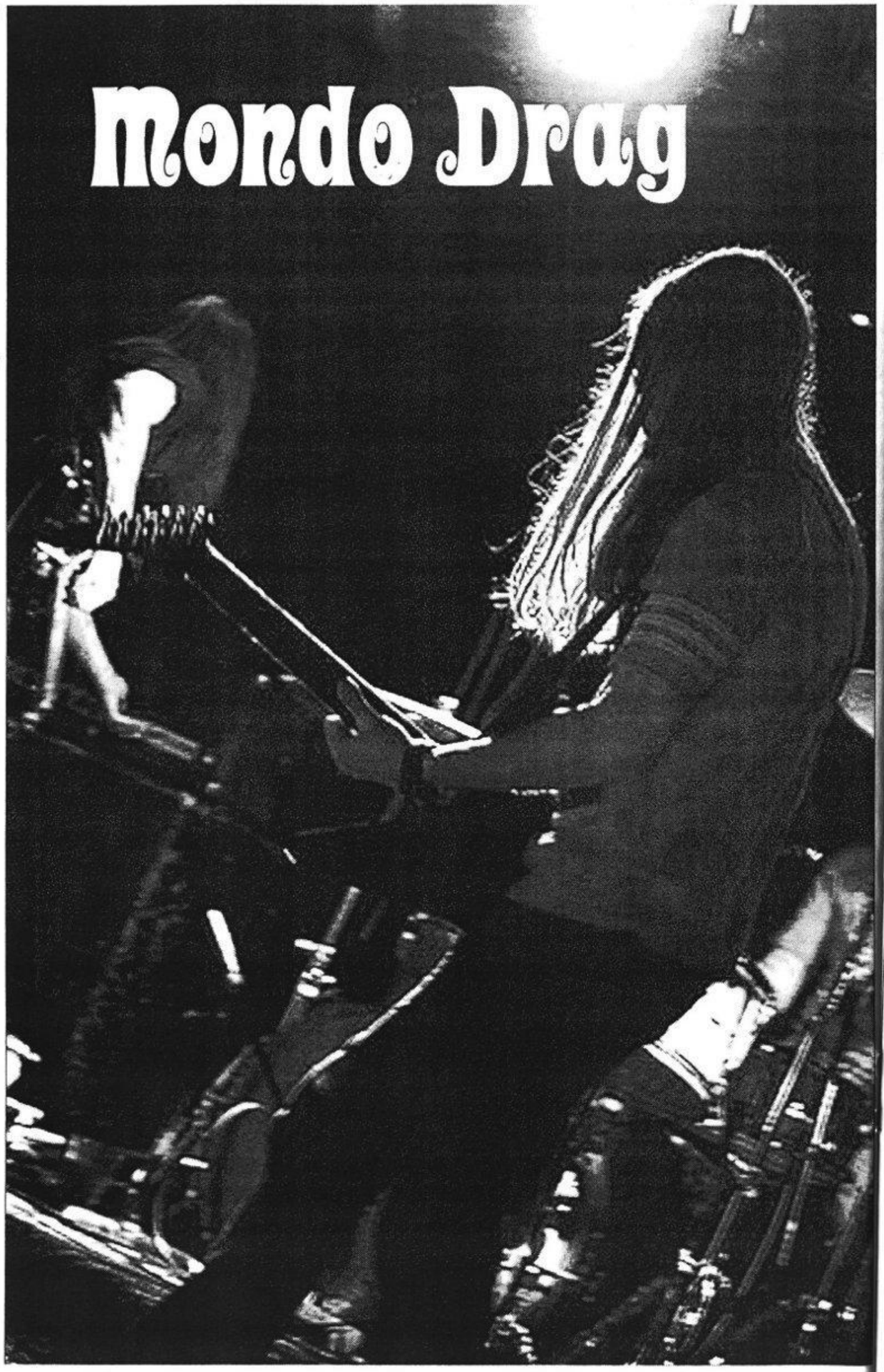
What advice would you give to out-of-towners about Louisville?

Stay away from those Mountain Asleep kids, they are total assholes... I hear they have rabies or something too.

Name one totally fucking rad band from the Midwest readers probably haven't heard of.

Is The Lawrence Arms an acceptable answer to that? If not, I'll go with Lion of the North, I've been listening to their split with Mans along with their EP a whole bunch lately.

Mondo Drag



Davenport, Iowa's Mondo Drag is as much a time capsule as they are a band, capturing the raw power of late-60s-early-70s psych rock bands like Blue Cheer while mixing in some bluesy, Sabbath-esque riffage. Forty years in the making, their sound has a modern touch, but doesn't go overboard (think a much less clusterfuck Comets on Fire). The four long-hairs just finished up their debut full-length, which comes out early 2009 on Alive Records, and, judging from the demos, it promises to be an awesomely heavy and head-bangingly fuzz-tastic trip.

What are some good things about living/playing in the Midwest?

Well, the Midwest has its own feel. We like drinkin' margaritas in the summer time and being reclusive in the winter. It's a good balance. People from the Midwest are proud. There's this whole Midwest pride thing. As far as the music scene goes, there are a lot of great bands from the Midwest. It's kind of a double-edged sword though, because some people will listen to your band because you're from Iowa and others won't listen for the same reason. You can't win!

> "We like drinkin' margaritas in the summer time"

...And some not so good things?

A not so good thing would have to be snow. Even though winter is great, snow can be a little rough. Lots of snow is even rougher. Ahhh!

How is the DIY ethic different here than in other areas?

The DIY thing is a little less slick than the east or west coasts. There's so much DIY stuff happening now that it's hard to keep track. Everybody that has a computer is home recording. Everybody that has Photoshop is making art. Whatever, DIY is good.

What advice would you give to out-of-towners about Davenport?

Davenport is cool. Well, we actually live in an area called the Quad Cities. Moline, Illinois, Rock Island, Illinois, Bettendorf, Iowa and Davenport. There's a lot to do. Lots of show, lots of food, lots of parties. It's a good time. It's pretty cheap to live here too. To tell the truth though, we are not real exciting people. We can usually be found in one of four places: recording, silk-screening, taking pictures or hanging out. But, I think if you do come to the Quad Cities you should eat at La Rancherita, and Azteca #1. Maybe drink some beers at Bent River. They have good beer. There's a good record store called Ragged Poppy in downtown Davenport. There's another one in Rock Island called Rock Island Sports, Music and Collectibles, too. There's a great DIY boutique called Adventure Orange. The Quad Cities has a lot to offer.

Name one totally fucking rad band from the Midwest readers probably haven't heard of.

Well if we have to pick just one it would have to be idpyramid. This is our friend Dennis. He does really cool live electronic stuff. Check it out!

GET RAD

Hailing from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Get Rad are a rowdy-as-fuck blend of Minor Threat's against the grain, intensely fast hardcore and the working class ragings of mid-tempo monsters Modern Life is War. With a slew of splits and merch available, Get Rad stay as busy as they do positive. Their live show is a whirlwind of jump kicks and pumped fists. These dudes turn aggression into fun, and isn't that what hardcore music is all about?

What are some good things about living/playing in the Midwest?

As far as being a band goes, the Midwest makes it easy to tour to either coast. If you've got two weeks to spare, you can make it to either coast and back, which is pretty rad. In order to tour the opposite coast for people living on a coast, you pretty much need to set aside an entire month or drop a bunch of cash on some plane tickets.

The Midwest also doesn't have the egos that the coasts tend to have. We don't think were inherently better than anyone else simply based on where we live. In terms of punk rock, the Midwest doesn't have the history that other places do. Yeah, we had our bands, but we haven't really had the genre-defining bands that LA, DC and New York are known for. Bands in the Midwest have always had more freedom to just be themselves.

...And some not so good things?

I was going to say the weather, but I really like it here. I like seasons. I enjoy the change and the really crappy days of winter make you appreciate all of the other seasons. I can't really think of too many negatives about the Midwest. We get skipped on most tours, but oh well, it's their loss.

How is the DIY ethic different here than in other areas?

I really don't know if it's different at all. People in the Midwest tend to be hardworking, but I've met some hardworking fuckers from all over the country.

When you tour, how is the crowd response or vibe different in the Midwest verses other areas?

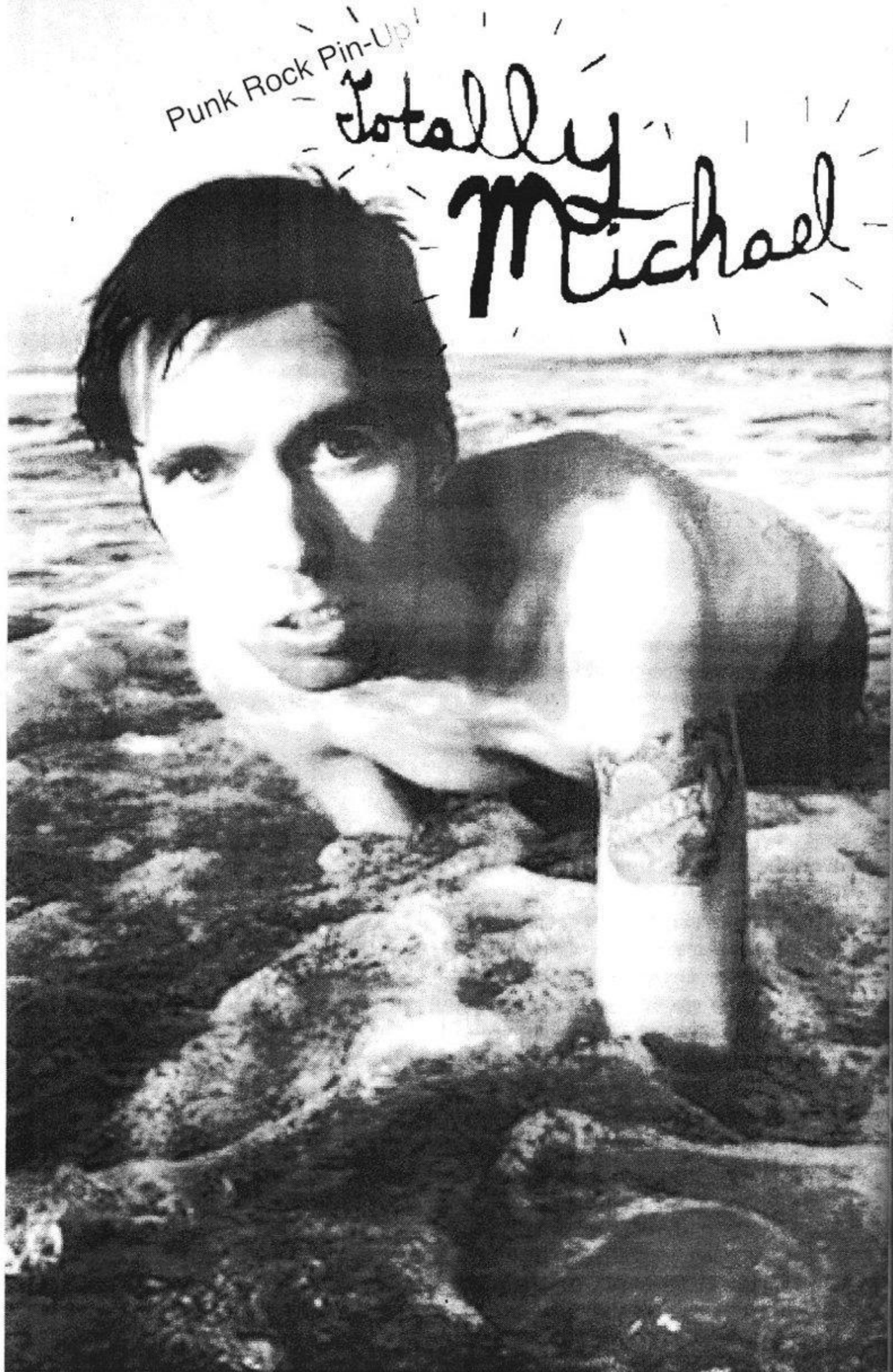
We haven't toured too much, but every city is different. We've had a great time everywhere we've played. Outside of Milwaukee, kids in Asheville and Raleigh, North Carolina and Cincinnati have gone off the most so far.

What advice would you give to out-of-towners about Milwaukee?

Milwaukee is a rad city with a ton of rad bands, good eats and awesome people. Lots of basement shows and we've got an art gallery that has been doing shows for over a year now called the Borg Ward (myspace.com/theborgward). Too many people here spend all of their time in bars, but there are a shit-load of them, so that might be unavoidable...

Name one totally-fucking-rad band from the Midwest readers probably haven't heard of.

Rad bands: Protestant, Call Me Lightning, Curb, Quest for Fire. That's four, but they're my four favorite in the city. Some have toured, some are just starting, but keep your ears open 'cause they all rule!



Name: Michael Dunlap

Age: 24

Sign: Gemini

Favorite band: Soophie Nun Squad

Favorite flavor of vegan ice cream: Temptation Peach Cobbler

Cheerleaders or drill team? You know, they're both sweet, but right now I'd have to choose Cheerleaders. Flipping is pretty awesome.

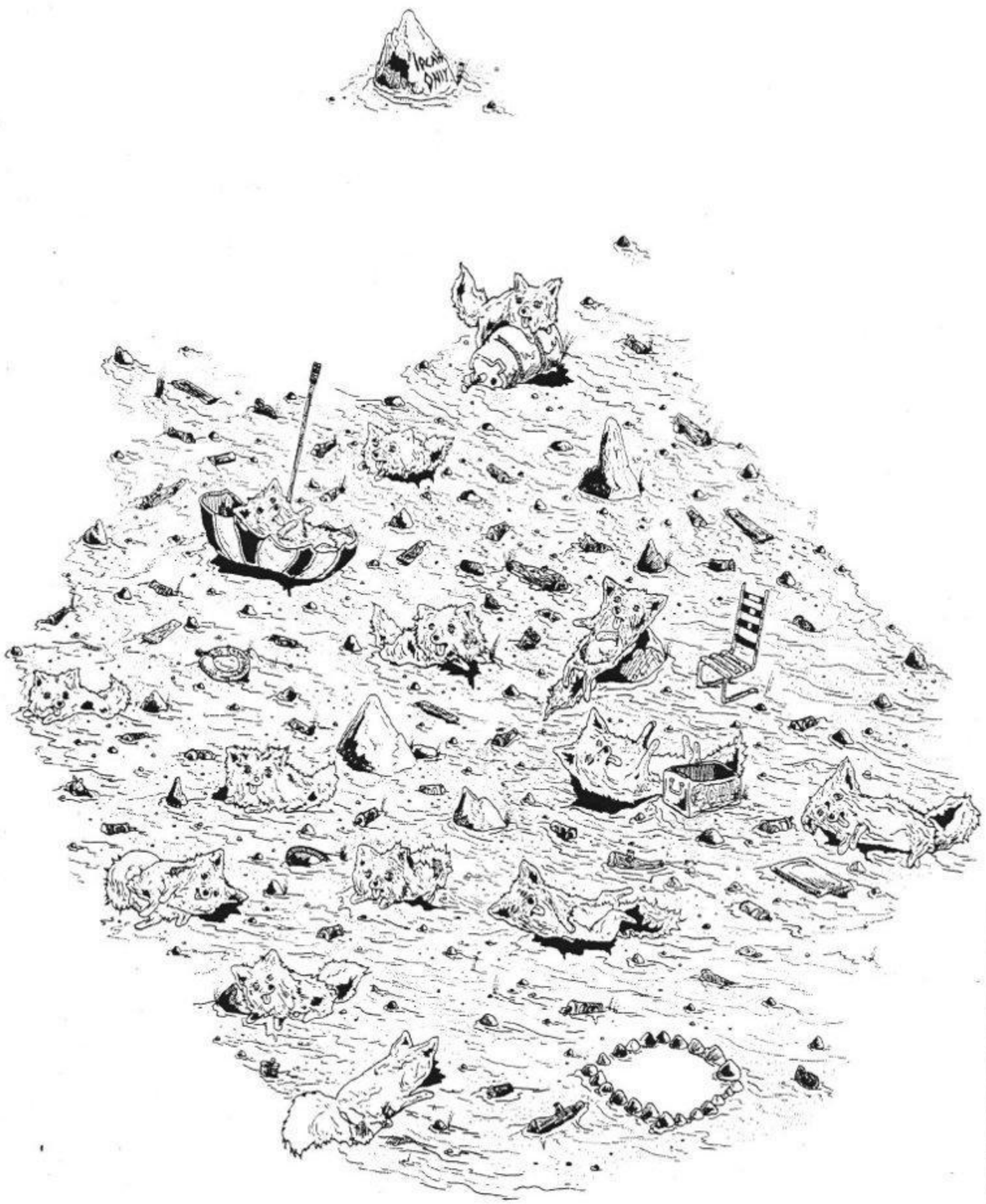
Dream date: Man, I don't know. I've been way into Keira Knightley lately. I'm probably out of her league though.

You're in the basement sweating, who's playing? Prince.

LFO likes girls who wear Abercrombie and Fitch. Totally Michael likes girls who: Wear coconut bras.

What percentage of the time does the pickup line in the chorus of Casual Satisfaction work? You know, I've never been drunk enough to actually try it. I would imagine it would end with a slap in the face though. I'd much rather use this. "Oops. I doo-dooed in my pants... Can I get in yours?"

Brian Blomerth



I'll admit, I'm no art connoisseur. In fact, the idea of writing and interviewing dudes about their art kind of freaks me out. But I know what gets me hyped. And while on the K Brutal tour in Lansing, Michigan I stumbled on some of Brian Blomerth's drawings of pom puppies, nude women and bongs. "Oh shit," I said. "I should interview this dude for the next zine."

What is your name and what are the names of your Pomeranians?

My name is Brian Blomerth. I don't own and have never owned a Pomeranian.

You have this—for lack of a better word—cute vibe to a lot of your work. What makes you want to draw puppies and naked women taking bong rips?

Self hatred. Agonizing portrayals of the self. The real self and the failed, projected new self. I want to be a hot girl taking a bong rip. I'm more like a Pomeranian. Pomeranians as stand-in's for my penis. There's a Baudelaire quote about it, "the need to lose oneself in the external flesh." There's also the projected-practice of owning up and carrying forth an image to an end conclusion. I'm taking Pomeranians to that place. Fuck it... there's very little good reason. William Wegman figured it out. I'm trying to go to the same spot as my dad.

Is there anything you can do with a bachelor's degree that you can't do without one?

Go to graduate school. But I think that's it.

You did some artwork for Video Hippos. How did that come about? Are you hyped?

Yeah, I mean... I've been a big fan of theirs for a long time. I met them a long, long time ago when I gave them a tape of my stuff. I booked them a lot in Richmond too cause Baltimore is not too far away from Richmond. I don't know, we've just been tight for a while. They just came up to me and were like "hey, we named a song about you giving us your tape." So I mean it just kind of worked out. The tightest thing about me doing the Video Hippo's cover is Spin Magazine called the art "druggy." That's something to tell my parents.

Your website is like internet hell. Who taught you HTML, Alexander Graham Bell?*

He did teach me HTML. I honestly learned from this "Lisa's Kid's Guide to the Internet." http://www.lissaexplains.com/.

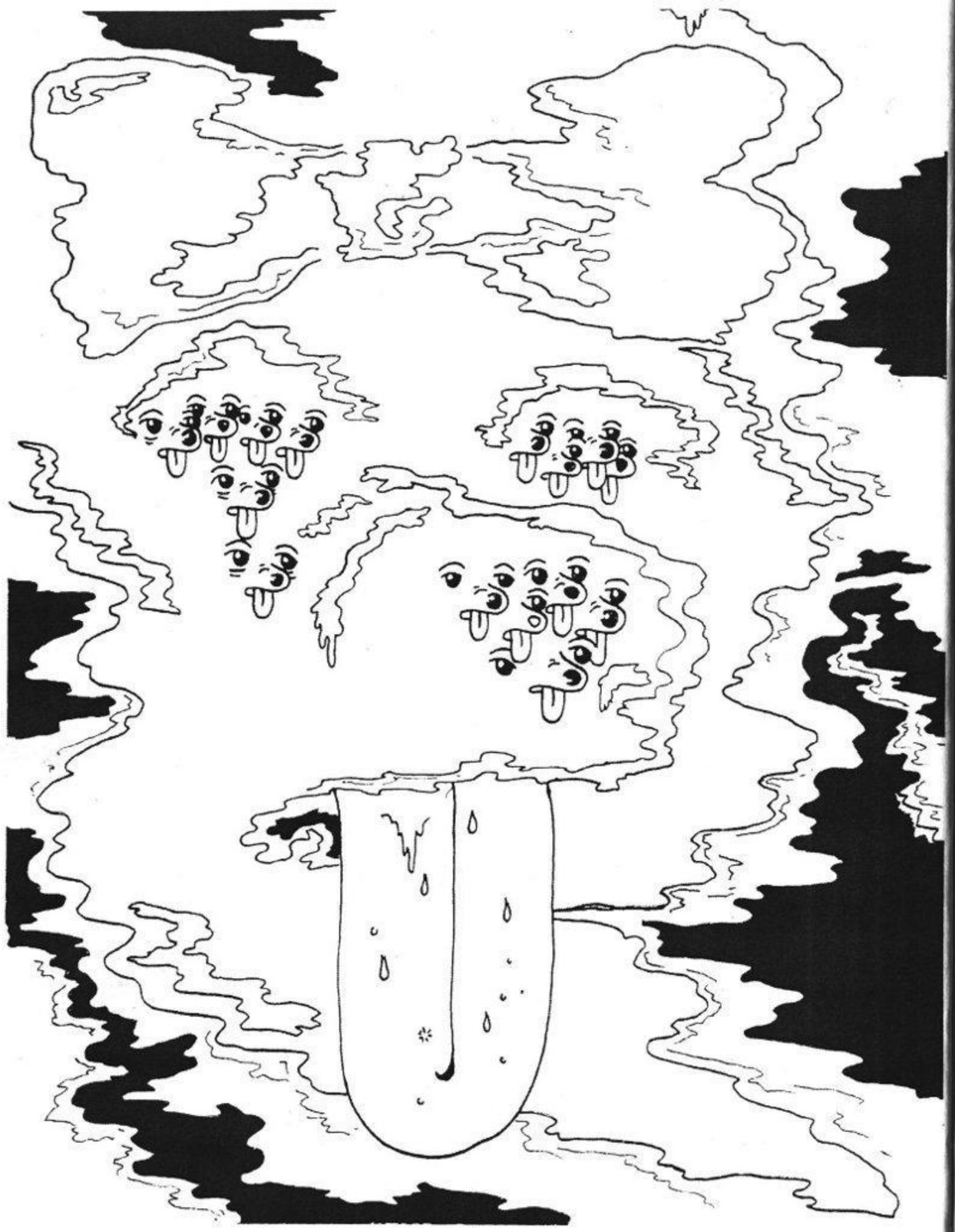
What is Pom Kiki Crew?

My now defunct-as-fuck record label but people always want to label my art as that... and that sucks.

Tell the people a little bit about Narwhalz (of sound) or any other bands you are or were in.

I've got this band that I do solo called Narwhalz (of sound)... In the band I freak out and play Game Boys. It's like really tough gabber but really not tough at all because of all the compression. Using the wussiest instrument to try to make the toughest sound. Kind of like Poms barking. Wigger Mom is free jazz from a 14-year-old girl's point of view. It's really about my childhood. Google Earth is me playing Game Boy's with four drummers. Really riding the wave. Super violent. Crystal Light is me and my friend Jonathan feeding people Crystal Light from a massive vat and doing house-y new age. Violence and Negativity is pure

*stolen from a Quad Five Trio song.



outsider tough-guy hardcore, which is a real genre that I am trying to spearhead.

What cities is Richmond, Virginia tighter than and what cities are tighter than Richmond?

Richmond is tighter than no cities. It's a shit-hole. I live in a house with no heat or shower.

Any last words or advice for the kids?

Fucking live somewhere with a shower. Stab your Dad.

Life and Death in La Chacra

Words and Photos: Danny Burridge

We were talking about the youth in our area. They've got no place to go, no parks, no jobs, few of their families can afford to send them to school, so in the afternoons they come to the parish and set up shop. They smoke mota, bring guaro to mix with orange juice or to drink straight. They throw little pebbles over the wall and sometimes hit old ladies who are on their way to buy tortillas. Some of them play soccer or basketball or just tell dirty, sexist, ignorant jokes. Many of them are mareros, of the 18 variety, because that's whose territory we're in. And some of the couples hide themselves in little nooks during the twilight to wait for it to get dark and for the guard to lock the doors so that they can find out what everyone is always talking about.

Zoila's interjection was: "The mother called me and said that her daughter had hung herself. She had only had two other friends, and one of them was her slave. It wasn't like oh, hey there buddy. It's so good to see you. It's like, hey there stupid-face, go buy me a bag of chips. She used to cut her slave's wrists with shards of glass and invited her to commit suicide with her, what a generous offer. The mother walked in and saw the cord tied to a lit light bulb and her daughter swinging below it, with the chair knocked on its side. "

Then Rosie reminded us of the young girl who killed her father a few months back for being a drunk and yelling at her too much. She had used his gun though, so maybe it was his fault. She only did what she had always seen.

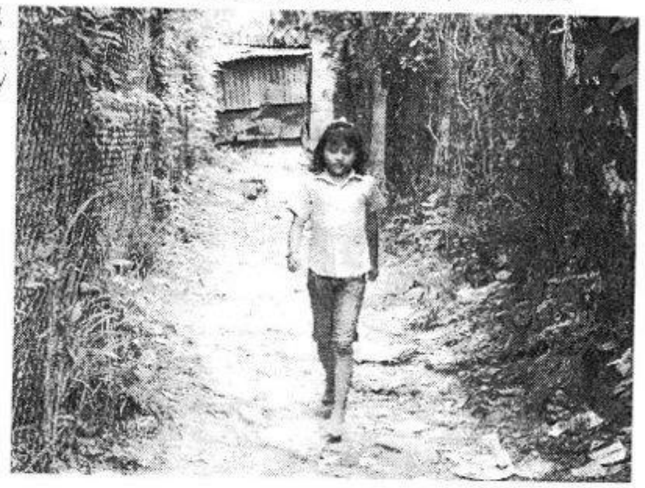
Most people don't die these ways around here. I thought of the most recent normal death to which I was a distant witness. Well, I went to the wake is all. But by the time I showed up it was early the next morning, everyone was gone. Candida, the director of the Social Assistance program and I walked from the rutted dirt road up the cracked front steps of the Communal House of the San Jose neighborhood in Sector 1. The inside of the building was stark, barren concrete. The walls were freshly painted gray and in the middle of the emptiness there was a short brown casket. There were a couple of withering bouquets of flowers stuck in cut-in-half two liter bottles of Coke and Fanta around the outside of it. Candida kept her distance but I was intrigued, the sick bastard that I am. "You're not going to look?" I asked her.

"No, it gives me something bad. Look, if you want." I walked slowly over, first taking in the flowers and the casket. Then I leaned over to look inside the plastic casing where the young face would be peeking out. I felt an internal stab as I met his eyes. They were half-open for God's sake, and his face was contorted, half of his upper lip curling in an awkward yelp, his mouth and nostrils flaring open, surrounded by a thin black moustache and goatee. No one had gone to the trouble of making his face look pretty, although he had a nice pressed white shirt on. I thought of my Grandma in her casket, seven months ago. She had looked better in death than in the last three years of her life. I knew the only reason this guy even had a casket was because the parish had paid for it.

Candida had told me that his name was Mauricio and he was a street vendor in Soyapango, across the highway. What he sold, she didn't know. Why he was killed, she didn't know either. There were lots of different versions of why. It probably had something to do with the gang members—the mareros. That he hadn't paid them the rent. That's pretty typical. The most common form of robbery here is extortion. You pay so much every day, or week or month, to your friendly, local gang representative, and you don't wind up like Mauricio.

I've seen it happen a number of times, mainly on the buses. I'll get on the 48 as it's about to leave its punto above the abandoned train tracks, which is the front yard to thousands of families who live alongside them in tin and wood shacks. There will be a thuggish looking teenager dressed in designer clothes in the front seat with an air of confidence that makes you want to go sit at the back. And he'll be chatting amiably with the bus driver about stick shifts vs. automatics, or the latest Barcelona soccer game, or a hot chic down the street. Once we get to San Jacinto, close to downtown, the kid gets up, whispers something in the bus driver's ear, the bus driver gives him a handful of coins and the kid gets off. Everyone looks out the window, or smoothes their pants, or checks their own coins in their pocket. At least everyone knows the rules, the consequences. There usually aren't too many surprises.

Hermana Teresa grounded us, saying: "For those of us who are aware, for those



of us who want to create a different world, how do we keep ourselves from being isolated? How do we make sure we're not alone? Our God is disintegrating. How do we keep our God from dying?"

This conversation in the meeting of the Social Pastoral Team came after the one about what kind of light bulbs should we buy to better illuminate the parish grounds at night. We settled on fluorescent ones. This is my parish, Maria Madre de los Pobres, Mary Mother of the Poor, located in La Chacra, one of the most dangerous slums of one of the most dangerous cities in the world. Here, our homicide rate is similar to those of a country at war. Well, some countries at war. We have almost twice as many homicides per 100,000 people (61—about 12 a day) as Colombia (34), whom is at war and there are only slightly fewer homicides than in Iraq. And most of the deaths are young males like Mauricio. Gang members kill some of them, but most of them (69% according to the Salvadoran NGO Foundation for the Study and Application of Law, FESPAD) are killed by death squads, police officers or social extermination groups who are trying to keep

young people from trying to change the socio-political situation that they're barely surviving. That's peace and democracy in El Salvador.

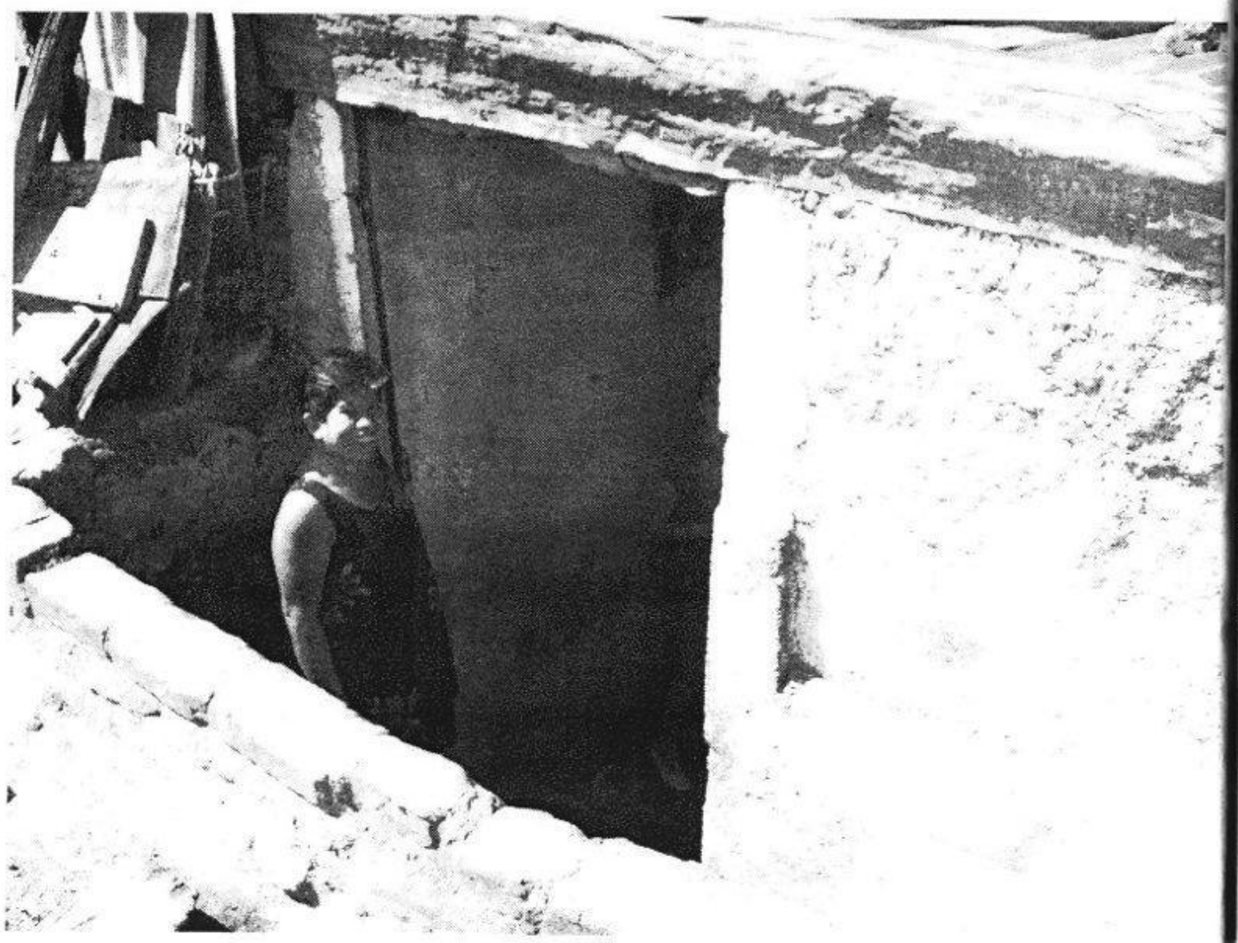
When Salvadorans find out that I spend a couple days a week working with Maria Madre in La Chacra, their initial question is a good one. "How?" If you don't live in La Chacra, you can't really go in there, like, physically enter. Well, it would just be hard for you to physically leave, alive. I'm alright because I'm there with the parish. The parish is the only thing that the gangs respect, not the law, many times not the people of the community and certainly not the police.

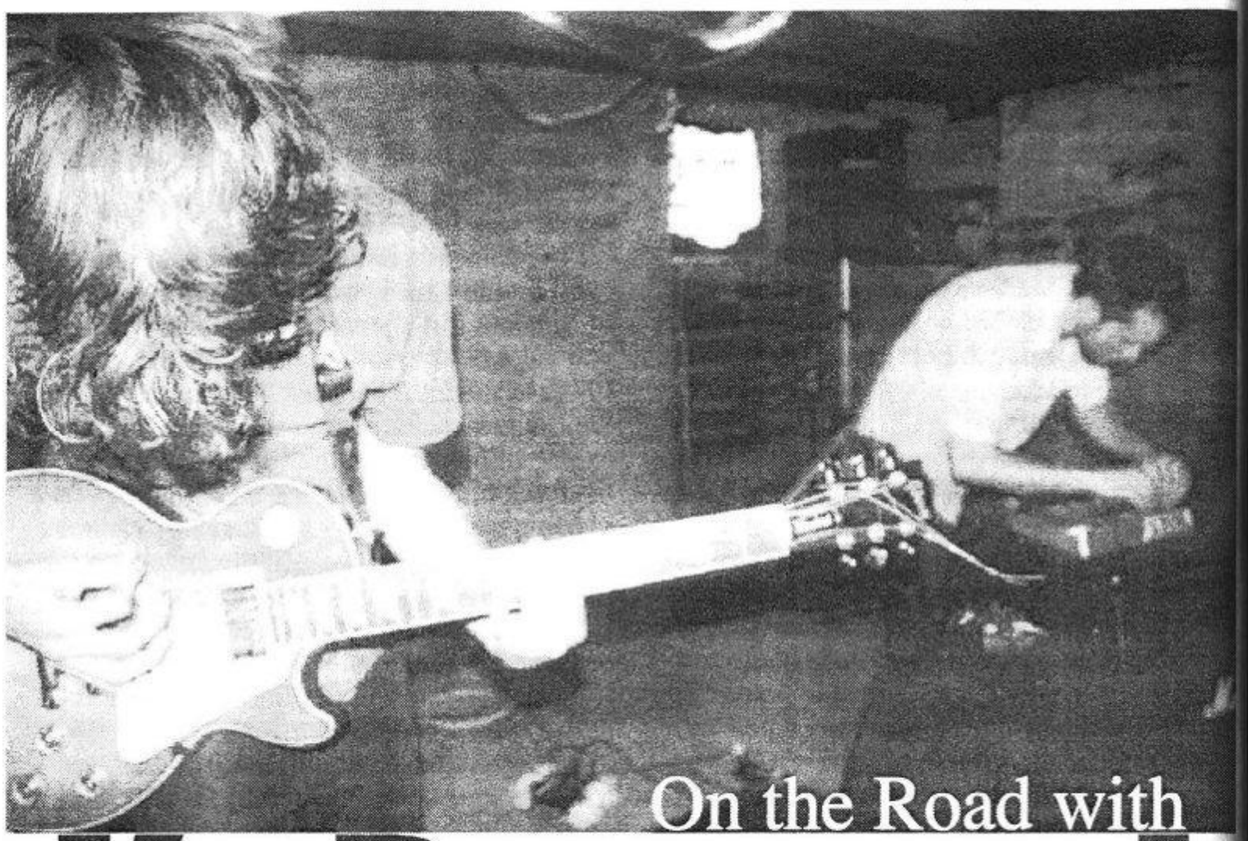
During the civil war of the 1980s, people in the rural areas fled to San Salvador to escape the violence and set up shantytowns, which have become places like La Chacra. People were able to survive in La Chacra—sprawled out along the steep banks of the Rio Acelhuate (now the most contaminated river in El Salvador)—because of a network of international priests, doctors and committed local women, which have since coalesced into Maria Madre de los Pobres, which will be celebrating its 25th anniversary next May. The parish provides health care at cheap prices, day care and schooling to young kids, basic goods and recreation to the elderly and spiritual accompaniment, based in social struggle for all willing to take part. The government ignores La Chacra, wishes it would disappear. In fact, the proposal of the ruling party candidate for president in 2009 is to turn marginal communities like La Chacra into soccer fields, never mind the people who happen to live there. So the mareros respect the parish's work. And as long as they're not too drunk, high, desperate or pissed, they might respect me too. That's the idea at least.

I've got a little route that I walk, alone, from where the 48 lets me off in Santa Marta, to the parish in La Chacra. My little route takes me the long way round, where it's as chill as possible. The people know me and I say "buenos dias" to some of them. I walk between the old, rotting rail ties, sometimes going down to the little path on the side where it's covered in litter, dog shit, glass and mud. On either side, people watch me through the slits between the sheets of corrugated zinc that make up their houses and I always wonder if this will be the day that I'm not so respected, not so ignorant, arrogant, lucky. Anywhere else I walk in La Chacra, I'm with someone from the parish, Padre Luis, Zoila, Rosie, Hermana Teresa, quien sea. I go in a few times a week to facilitate communication with Maria Madre's sister parishes, visit old folks, teach brutal English classes and chat with folks, estar presente.

This old woman, Mari, inspires me every day, telling me that we have the strength we need to do what we need to do, to not give up hope Daniel, things will get better. Her electricity got cut last week for three days, and her message didn't change. There's this other lady, Estela, who's got a repulsive, dehumanizing tumor the size of a grapefruit on her neck; whose house has a 100-degree average room temperature (tin houses are like microwaves when the sun is out); who doesn't have enough money to pay for the needles for the injections she needs, let alone the injections themselves (that's public health care in El Salvador). Despite the horrified look I'm sure I had when I saw her on my first visit with Candida, she got past the pain and the shame and the fucking huge mass of malignant flesh that was directly obstructing the movement of her chin, to give me one of the most loving smiles I've ever seen. She'll probably be dead within the next six months.

These people have taught me that you can't live in fear. Death is just another part of life, and if it's your turn today, hopefully you were ready. And in the meantime, life is beautiful. That's all. So despite the exaggerated amount of violence, the excruciating poverty, the sometimes-overwhelming sadness, the boys that become gang members at the age of 12 and the girls they impregnate at the age of 13, I have found life to be most beautiful in La Chacra. Maybe because it's real. Maybe because it's so desperately fragile. Any life that exists is a triumph in itself. It has overcome all odds. There is no guarantee that you will have a tomorrow, and that is true liberation, tragic as it may be. Your only option is to believe that your life is something freely given for the good of others. If you don't believe it, you might as well already be dead.





On the Road with K Brutal

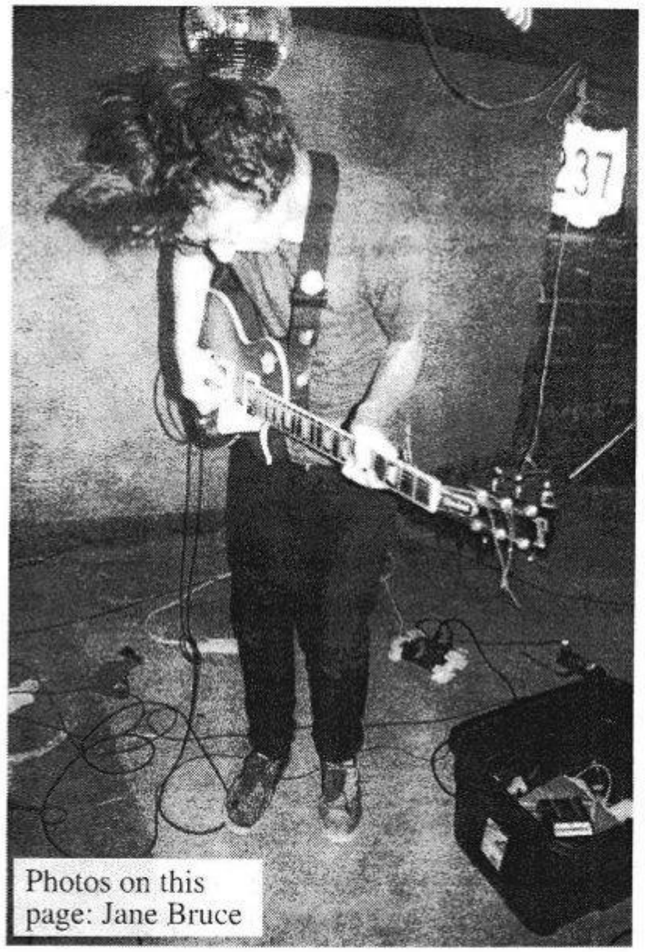
July 31, 2008 – Cincinnati, Ohio. The Gypsy Hut w/ Pete Fosco – Surprisingly, or maybe not, this was one of the better shows of the tour. All the other bands cancelled, luckily one of the bartenders called Pete up last minute to do some jams. Anyone not familiar with his tunes: check that shit right fucking now! He does earfuls of melodic guitar drone, constantly coursing through clean tones all the way to fuzzed-out wah hell and back again. It is some awesome and interesting stuff in a genre where those two adjectives rarely go together. During his last song we jumped up and jammed with him, before transcending through noisy semi-ambiance (damn my broken delay pedal!) and into our first song, on which Fosco also played. I thought it was pretty rad. I don't often have the opportunity to jam with something other than a goddamn laptop, so it felt good. After a frightening ride home from Brian Mays, who unsuccessfully tried his hardest to get pulled over, I got my last decent night of sleep for 10 days.

August 1 – Columbus, Ohio. Monster House w/ The Read, Unicorn Basement, Kitten Forever and Black Phantom Thousands – After living in Columbus for a year, my sister could not manage to give us any useful directions from 71 to the show. Bob had to work and I was screen-printing all day so we missed the two Minneapolis bands, Unicorn Basement and Kitten Forever, but I saw them leaving the basement with spandex and keyboards, so I'm sure they were pretty rad. We managed to catch some of fellow-Cincinnatians The Read's set, which was tight. Right before we played, someone decided to spray-paint the wall in the basement (oh, Columbus…) so there were some bad smells during our set. No big deal, though. Gabe Peterson of Volume III Top Five fame denied three of my calls and eventually called my roommate Drew to say he'd been drinking all day and was going to sleep, but we could crash there. When Drew, Bob and I got to Gabe's we found him, his roommates and some weirdo girls raging on the front porch. Skipping the post-show rage, we went to sleep in the basement until my asshole friend Gary woke us up with an air horn to see if we had any beer.

August 2 – New York, New York. Piano's w/ Danny Ross, Wolff – Drove nine hours through rainy Pennsylvania and actually found a parking spot only two blocks from the bar. Someone told me that this was their favorite bar in NYC. What a fucking idiot. Chotch central. Bar was free to get into but they charged ten bucks--of which we saw none of--to get into the back room where we played. None of the other bands are worth talking about because they were either really terrible, played for four hours or both. Our set pretty much sucked and when we finished, the door price magically became free. As we left I heard a dude bitching that they wouldn't let dudes in if they didn't have girls with them. Awesome! I saw two fights and a stabbing or some sort of extreme bludgeoning on the way from my brother's apartment to my girlfriend's. Full moon, I guess.

August 3 – Brooklyn, New York w/ I don't even remember – Props to The Suicide Dolls for helping us set up this show. Open bar 8-9 p.m. for PBR and well drinks, can't diss that! We'd order like two beers and two vodka tonics every 20 minutes to stash them behind my amp for the rest of the night. Picked up a pitch shift pedal and a delicious sandwich before the show. We played last and everyone said our set was way better than last night. I agreed. Bob and the sound guy had a pretty extended conversation about Butthole Surfers and then we left.

August 4 – Day off – Because the entire state of Pennsylvania didn't want K Brutal, we spent our day off hanging with friends, eating the best vegan food ever and spending my gas/food money on records. I found a Minor Threat/Youth Brigade split that's limited to 1000. Yay!



Photos on this page: Jane Bruce

August 5 – Akron, Ohio – Annabelle's w/ Own Weather – We ended up arriving in Akron a few hours early, which wasn't bad because there was a record store and free wifi on the same block as the bar. Not to mention, you know, a bar. Bought some zines to read on the curb until we loaded in. Finding out our show in Chicago was, according to the promoter, never actually booked, I called The Mutiny and set something up within less than 20 minutes. We ruled ass at Pac Man while waiting for our homies Own Weather to show up and kick it. This place had some crazy light show going on while we played, but it was

kind of tight. I felt like Pink Floyd in the basement of a bar. After the cheesy, New York shows, it was sweet to be back in the Midwest where bands are just plain sicker. The Own Weather set was the most stoner thing I've ever heard. Loudest, too. These dudes seriously rip. Check them out. After the show, we followed Wyatt back to crash at his parents' house. A shower felt good and much needed. Thanks Routson residence!

August 6 – Lansing, Michigan – Basement 414 w/ Alpha Jtango and Charlie Nash – Even though we only played to about four people, this was one of my favorite shows of the tour. The space was a sweet, first-floor, three-room gallery with white, brick walls and a huge mural of an old Chevy Factory. The place actually used to be a Chevy museum I believe. A sign on the door read "no alcohol or drugs on premises." AJ Glaub, who booked to show and plays under the name Alpha Jtango, greeted us at the door by saying "you guys are K Brutal? Want to go to my car to drink and smoke weed." Charlie Nash, who looked to be in his 60s and now lives at Basement 414 did some performance art/noise stuff to a small crowd of what he referred to as "yuppie scum." AJ played a paper cutter mic'd into a mixer running into itself, then into another mixer into itself, then into an amp. His set was super intense and had a lot of dynamic. A lot of noise shows get boring fast, but AJ kept it rowdy. The PA partied too hard and did not make it through the Andrew WK show a few days before, so we played the laptop through an amp and it sounded good enough. After our set, Bob and I jammed a little on the Wurlitzer in the corner, while people hung out. Good background music, they said. I checked out some of the art on the walls for a while, which included some drawings by Brian Blomerth, then went to sleep on the couch. Charlie made us some coffee in the morning and wished us well as we left.

August 7 – Chicago, Illinois – The Mutiny – I heard this place was a "shit hole," which it sort of was, but it was definitely the sickest bar we played on tour. And they let us book it two days in advance. Dark and dive-as-fuck, crazy locals, free pool and band members get two half-pitchers of pretty much whatever they want. Plus, the bartender and sound guy were way tight. We couldn't round up any locals in time, which was kind of a bummer (Pete Foscos of Chicago, where you at?!). Some girl ran up and tackled Bob when he sampled the Bubble Bobble theme song mid-song, making her the only one nearly as drunk as us. I sort of tackled myself after the show, you could say. The Mutiny makes a mean long island, I'll tell you that! Luckily, there's no hangover a day at the lake can't cure and our friend Mallory's apartment just happened to be on the fucking lake.

August 8 – Lake Villa, Illinois – Swing State w/ Kentucky Sound Arsenal – Since no one in Louisville goes to shows and we couldn't jump on the Bear Claw show in Bloomington, we had to find something between Chicago and Bloomington, Indiana. Lake Villa, which is 45 minutes north of Chicago, was the best I could do. The venue was a coffee/hookah bar and "art" gallery. Most of the kids looked pretty high school, especially the girl walking around in her underwear that flashed the mid-to-late-60s sound guy upon request. Bob said he saw a tattoo, but I'm claiming 16. The owner was a nice dude and so were the other bands. We played last and went back to Chicago to enjoy another morning lakeside.

August 9 – Bloomington, Indiana – Mike Notaro's place AKA the Art Hospital's garage w/ Ponyboy, DJ Wally Wonder and Yoni Manar – This show ruled, despite the fact that we drove around looking for a non-existent scuba shop that the venue was supposedly behind for a good 30 minutes before finally finding out that the scuba show no longer exists. DJWW spun some beats while people chilled. Apparently they don't sell beer at gas stations in Indiana, but Mike brought a case to split between the bands, which was tight. It was tight to hang with some Indiana friends and even tighter to make some! Yoni Manar did a short, frightening set of experimental creepiness and synth noise. A massive moped rally showed up for like five minutes, but then left before we played. We still played to a pretty big crowd, especially compared to our usual shows. Hometown heroes, Ponyboy, played next and totally ruled. One of the dudes from Mouthbreather had an after-party, but we had to bounce back to Cincinnati to return the car. Bummer. Only $30 left in the bank. Great.

Photos on this page: Vina Ayers

Williamsburg, Brooklyn: F S U

Words: Emily Verba

I knew things were a little off right when I arrived at the party. All of the girls were in little cocktail dresses and I had a penis drawn with ballpoint pen on my hand.

Some people just need to get their heads out of their asses.

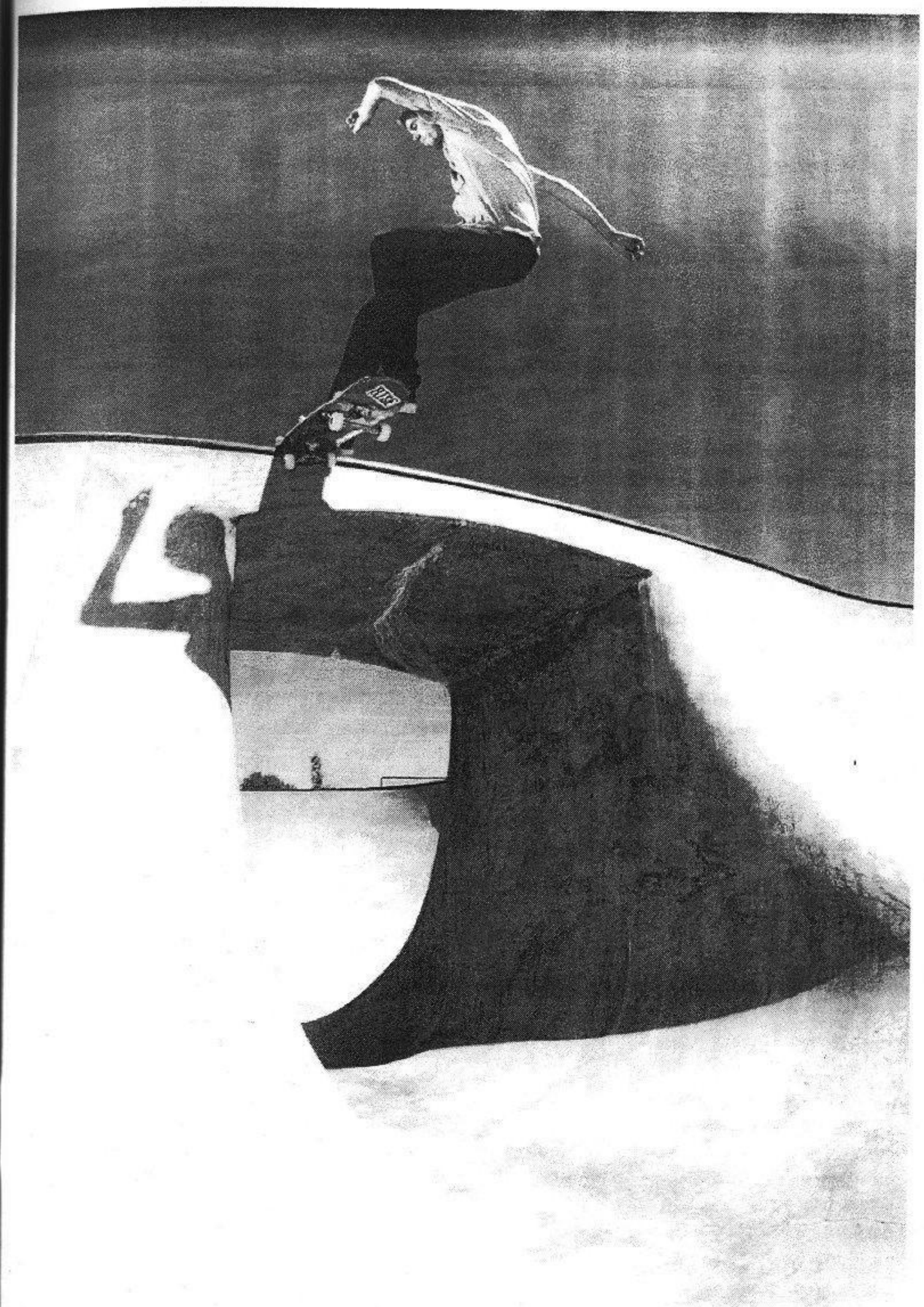
If you are having a party in a $500,000 apartment that your roommate's daddy bought and you have laid out an elaborate snack spread with tons of free booze, don't be surprised when Brendan and I take the Ciroc vodka off of the "other" counter that may have been "a little bit hidden." Don't be surprised when your Whole Foods Two Bite Brownies get broken into. Don't be surprised when we ask your eight ball inappropriate questions really loud. Don't scream at us when we merely admire your housewarming gift champagne bottles. Ain't nobody poppin' them. And most importantly, don't be surprised when I recount the tale about how your belligerently racist behavior resulted in our friends getting kicked out of a bar (just by peripherally being associated with your platinum blonde smashed goat-ass face).

As she was attempting to kick us out, she was doing that awful thing that a lot of {dumb} girls do where they keep repeating themselves. "I MEAN IT'S JUST RUDE, YOU KNOW? LIKKKKKE, IT'S JUST RUDE. QUIT BEING RUDE THAT'S ALL I'M SAYING. THESE ARE PRESENTS. WHEN ARE YOU LEAVING LIKKKKKE THIS IS JUST RUDE, QUIT BEING RUDE. GET OUT."

She kicked Brendan's friends out and Vina left too because she was angry. She tried to kick me out too, but I pretended not to hear her even though she was boring holes through my skull with her devil eyes. We just had too much representation at the party for me to care at all, and Fischer was DJing.

Plus, it just made a lot more sense to start dirty dancing with their pineapple. Passive aggression. After about a half hour of awkward tension, we packed up our DJ equipment abruptly and left.

And... that pineapple may or may not have been smashed in their courtyard on the way out.



Matt Z. Tailslide.
Photo: Bread

Gettin' all literary with...

MOBY DICK

So, by now everyone knows that with a degree in Journalism you can partake in the ever-enthralling business of asking your friends questions and writing down their answers. Well, I bet you don't know what a minor in English earns you. Besides a food-service job and the ability to "get" the occasional poem (it's about nature), I am also qualified to make a commentary on the 1998 made-for-TV production of *Moby Dick*. So I will.

Firstly, I was watching King of the Hill for a little while before I realized this was on, so commentary on anything before Chapter 36, The Quarter-Deck, must unfortunately be omitted, but I'm willing to bet that the Ishmael played by the kid from E.T. didn't delve too deep into the significance of Father Mapple's sermon, Cetology or any of that "damp, drizzly November in my soul" stuff.

When I flipped to Moby Dick, Jean-Luc Picard was commanding a ship not on a final frontier, but at sea, although still somewhat on a voyage where no man had (purposefully) gone before. Starbuck was accurately and rightfully a bad ass, immediately giving Ahab the shit-eye and telling him "I came here to hunt whales, not my commander's vengeance."

Queequeg, on the other hand, was portrayed as an oaffy cannibal rather than an oaffy cannibal with a grasp on human relationships as strong as his grasp on a harpoon. I couldn't even really understand anything he said. At least in the book Ishmael paraphrased for us a little bit.

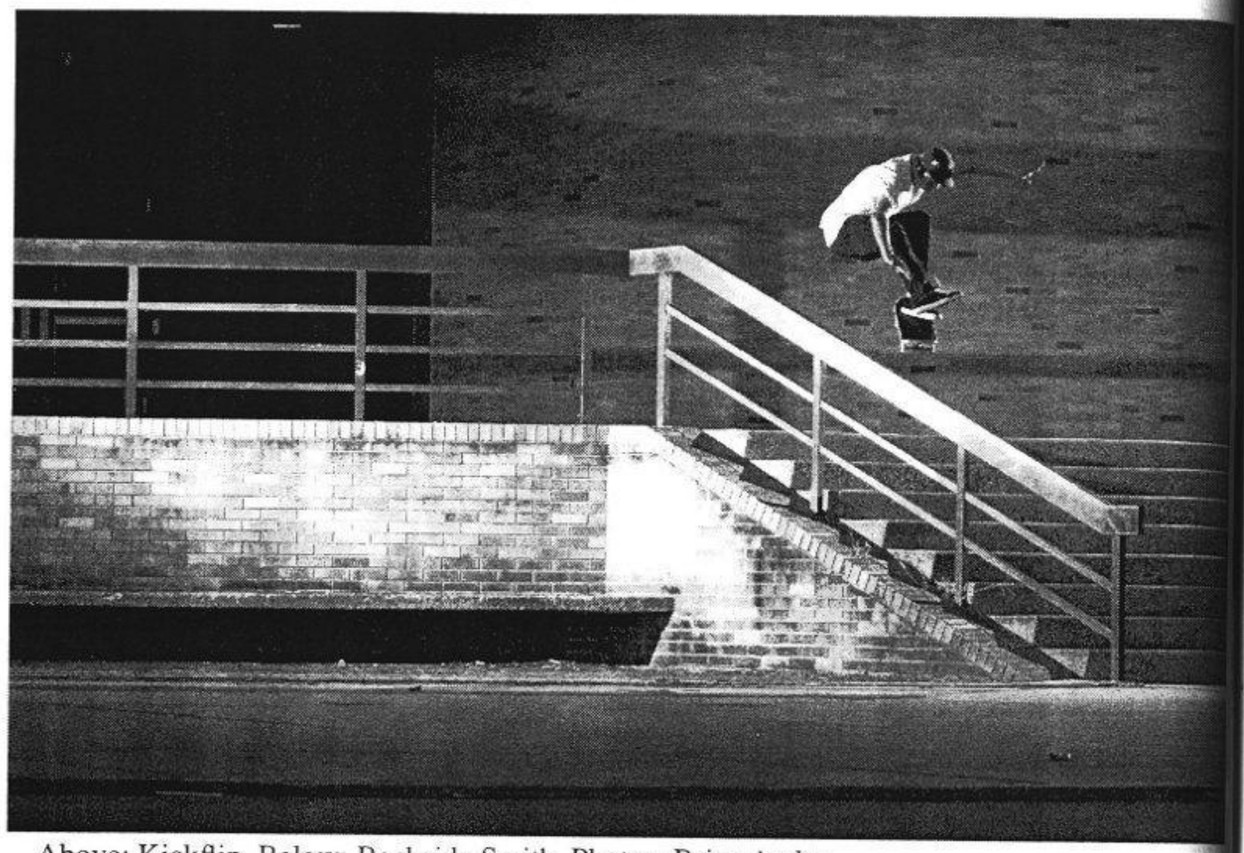
And maybe I missed it when I got up to go slice an orange, but where was Fedallah's prophecy? You know, where he says "that ere thou couldst die on this voyage, two hearses must verily be seen by thee on the sea; the first not made by mortal hands; and the visible wood of the last one must be grown in America." Fedallah also mentions that he will die before Ahab and that "Hemp only can kill thee." Maybe director and Primetime Emmy Nominee Franc Roddam thought he could tell a better story than Melville and decided to omit Fedallah's prophecy. If that is the case, why did he leave in Ahab's mention of the prophecy when Moby Dick drags Fedallah's corpse like a hearse. Also, having the harpoon-line wrap around you're neck and drag you like a noose to the ocean's depths, sweet; getting tied to the whale by your chest, yawn.

But Melville's *Moby Dick* isn't all action-packed chase scenes and fake-ass special effects; nearly half the book is Ishmael reciting every little detail about whaling, whether it's the pros and cons of different harpoon-rope material or three chapters devoted to the inaccuracy of whales in art. That's why at some point in the movie, the screen should go blank for like 20 minutes and Ishmael should recite chapter 42, The Whiteness of the Whale, in it's entirety.

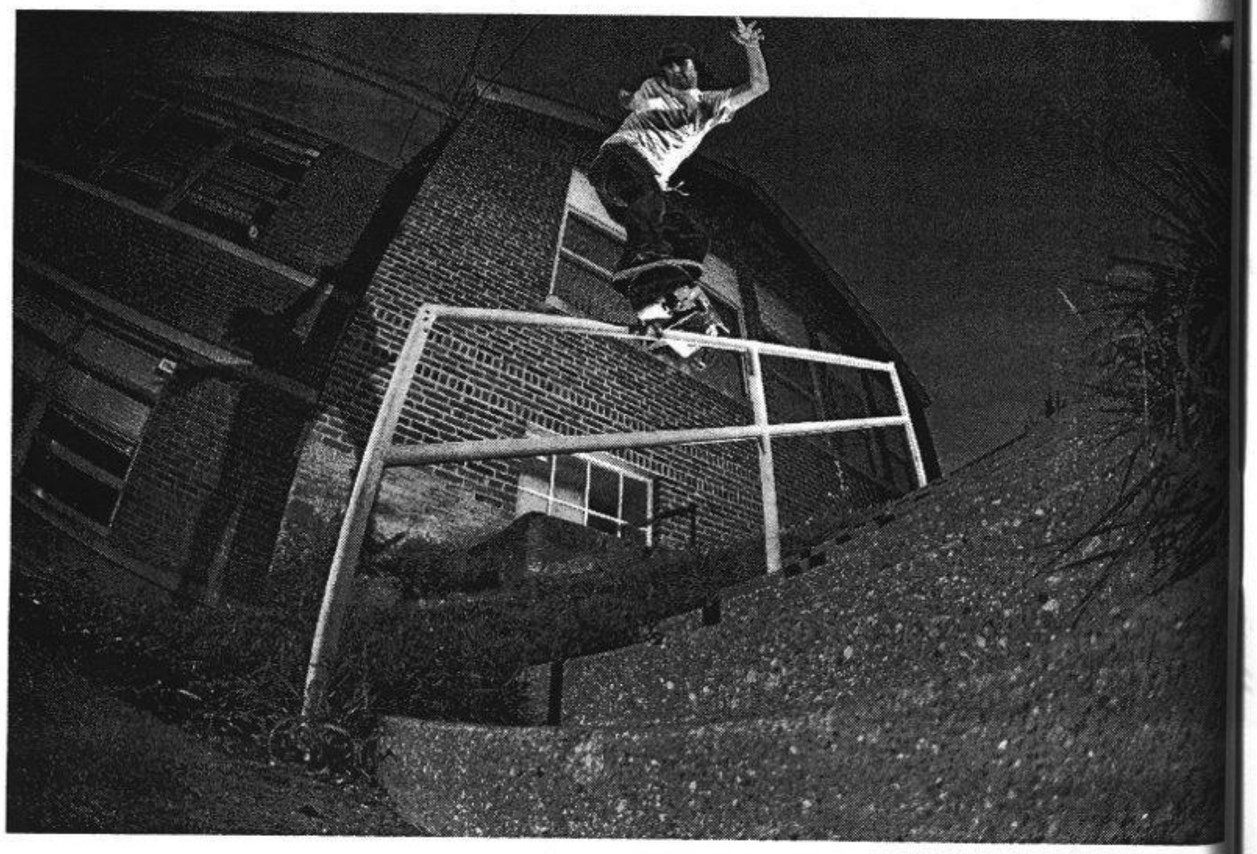
Last but not least, what would a literary essay be without some parallels to other pieces of literature? Or in this case, Star Trek movies. And what would a literary essay be without a little plagiarizing? Thank you Star Trek Wikipedia…

During his exile on Ceti Alpha V, Khan Noonien Singh read Moby Dick as he became immersed in his own desire for revenge on James T. Kirk. During his search

and battle with Kirk, he quoted lines from the novel. While some are direct quotes (such as "...To the last, I grapple with thee; from hell's heart, I stab at thee; for hate's sake, I spit my last breath at thee."), some were modified from the original. For example, Khan's stated "I'll chase him round the moons of Nibia and round the Antares maelstrom and round perdition's flames before I give him up!" (Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan) as opposed to Ahab's "I'll chase him round Good Hope, and round the Horn, and round the Norway Maelstrom, and round perdition's flames before I give him up!" Plus, like, the dude that plays Ahab was on Star Trek.



Above: Kickflip. Below: Backside Smith. Photos: Brian Ambs.



Ian Storm
Top Fives

Cigarettes less than $2.50 a pack
- Kentucky's Best
- Paul Mall's
- Basic's
- Maverick's
- Camel Filters

Reasons not to finish high school
- School is gayer than cat dick
- Diplomas don't matter
- You can still work in a factory
- Getting up early sucks
- I just don't care

Laws you are breaking at all times
- Drinking
- Smoking
- Not going to school
- Living by myself
- Curfew

Why you're not driving to a skate spot
- I lost my car
- Everyone messes up my car
- It makes me feel all shitty
- Everyone sucks at directions
- I never know where I'm going

Places to sleep
- Cars
- Couches
- At skate parks
- Blow-up mattresses
- The floor

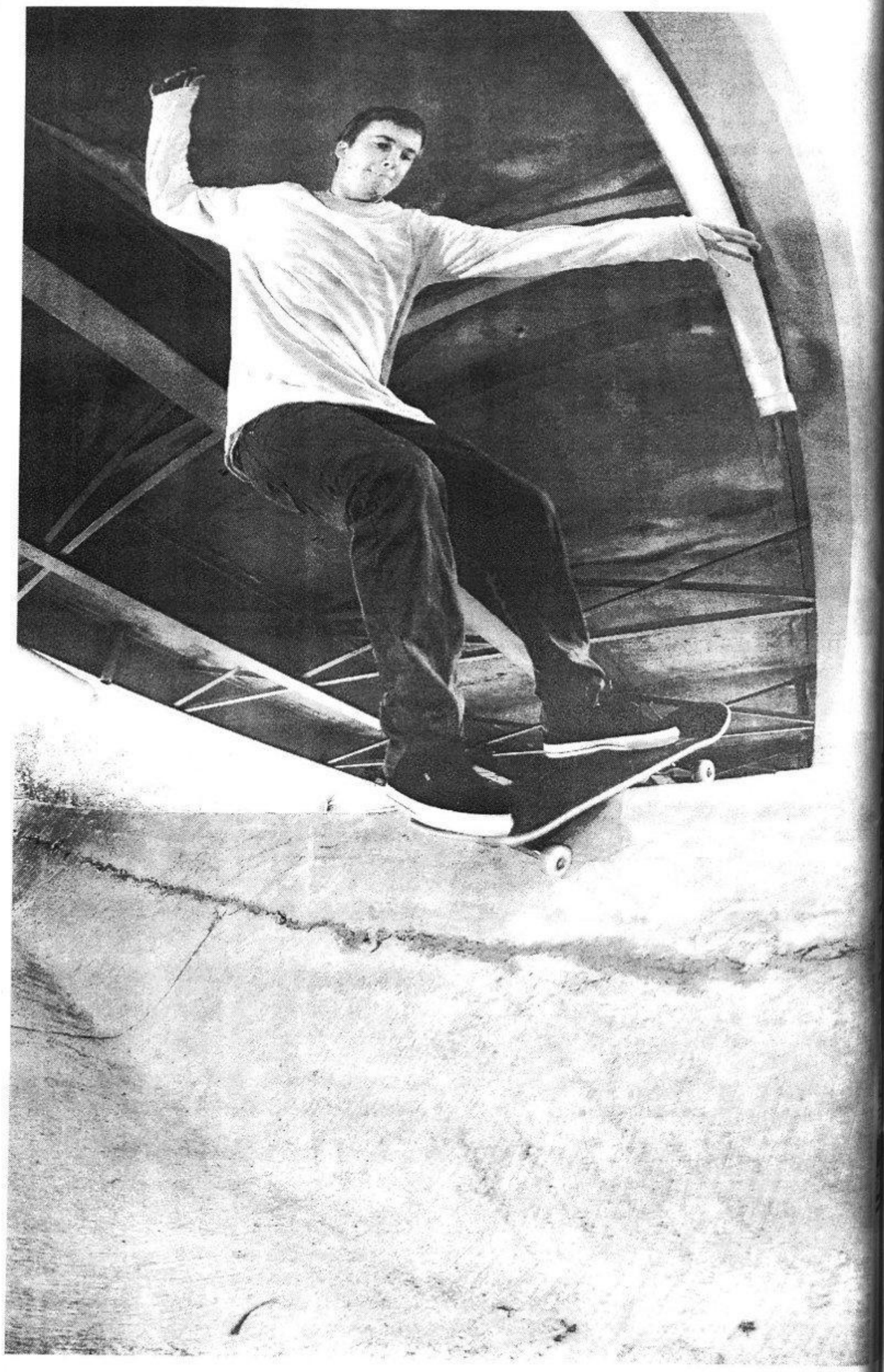
Things to spend $10 on
- Old Crow
- Candy and soda
- Cigarettes and Sparks
- Two Bammer Blunts
- Kentucky Gentleman

Nicknames
- Stormy
- Dumb-Dumb
- Desert
- Shifty-Eye
- Piece of Shit

Reasons to get shifty-eyed
- When people talk shit
- When Andy won't film
- Getting my feelings hurt
- People making fun of me for shaving my chest
- Getting yelled at by Zach for stealing cigarettes

Hot Pockets
- Ham 'n' Cheese
- Meatball Mozzarella
- Philly Cheesesteak
- Chicken Fajita
- Italian Deli Meat dipped in mayo

Reasons you don't know the alphabet
- I was drunk
- I never paid attention to it
- I got spell-check on my phone
- I still really don't know it
- Who really writes nowadays, that shit is gay



Chad Bowers
Bottom Fives

Bands
- Nickleback
- Seether
- Anyone with Lil' in their name
- Anything Ben Clemens likes
- Jimmy Buffet

Board Graphics
- Plan B's current line
- Birdhouse- "Pumpkinhead"
- Skate Mental- "Wizard Status"
- Graphics with skulls
- No one cares about graphics anymore.

Things about your job
- Taking the team to dinner.
- Dill using my cell phone.
- Taking a shit with hotseat.
- Sending a box internationally.
- Staring at a computer monitor.

Songs used in Skate Videos
- Q Lazzarus - Goodbye Horses
- Rush - 2112
- Frankie Goes to Hollywood - Relax
- Freddy Fox – 24 Hours
- The 411 opener

Things about Cincinnati
- 222 McCormick (bats & rats)
- Shapes.
- White college kids. Life's rough.
- Drunk lil' whores.
- Listening to people throw trash off the 4th floor balcony into a tree. Yeah, FTW. Good idea.

Things about Dayton
- ICP fans still exist.
- Chipotle is considered fancy.
- Rednecks - Have you seen Idiocracy?
- Deep depression.
- Dayton face. Figure it out.

Questions kids ask shop owners
- Can I have this for free?
- Does this company or this company have better pop?
- Can my kid work here? He's a serious sk8er.
- Can I have stickers?
- You don't have any Almost decks?

Morrissey songs
- "How soon is now"
- "Certain people I know"
- "Sorrow will come in the end"
- "He cried"
- "Sing your life." By far the worst.

Skate videos
- Blind - "What If?"
- Any Digital video
- The 411 2.0's
- Darkstar - "Battalion"
- Shorty's - "Guilty"

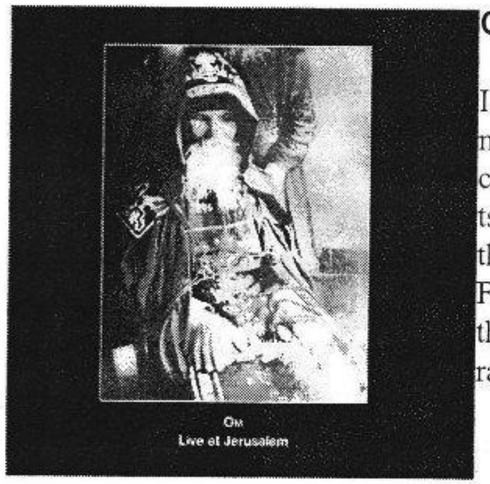
Companies
- Bacon
- 10/31
- Natural Koncepts
- Bootleg
- Bacon

Banked Boardslide. Photo: Chutney

Some reviews... definitely the most boring part of any zine. By the time I publish any of these, everybody's already heard the album anyways. Whatever. If you want your band's record reviewed, contact me, I'm probably down.

Clipd Beaks – Hoarse Lords (Lovepump United)

We were supposed to play with these dudes a while ago, but their van broke down in Indiana, which is why it's taken me four issues to pick up the record. It's tight though. Clipd Beaks is the product of two classically trained musicians and one noise dude living about six hours away from each other and jamming hard whenever they can to make sweet, danceable tunes. I wouldn't call it laziness, but the guitar player stays out of the forefront most of the time, opting to squeel and fuzz while the rhythm dudes rock the heavy stuff. It all adds up to a unique sound, plus their live show has plenty of improvisation.



Om – Live at Jerusalem

I'm not sure what cavern Om played, but there's so much reverb on this recording the only thing you can really hear is that never-ending tsss... tsss... tsss... on the ride cymbal. Also, I don't know what they smoked before the show... okay, I do, but Flight of the Eagle is about five minutes slower than the Conference of the Birds version. I'd almost rather listen to High on Fire than this.

Residual Echoes – Phoenician Flu and Ancient Ocean (Holy Mountain)

LA-based trio, Residual Echoes is the musical equivalent of long-exposure photography, everything a blur of motion and sound, distorted, reverberated and cranked to unsafe volumes. Nothing crisp, nothing clean. The seven tracks ring like Black Flag jamming some Grateful Dead tunes. Always in motion, the three-piece shreds through intense, smoky jams of blissful psychedelia. Residual Echoes is pure energy and the album is a celebrated mess of riff worship, the disregard of tradition and the ever-gnarly power of guitar, bass, drums and a garage.

Six Organs of Admittance – Shelter From the Ash

Six Organs is the solo work of Comets on Fire's shredder of six strings, Ben Chasny. As would be expected, the job is well-fucking-done. Whether it's a sickening lead, intricate acoustic piece or brutal noise squall, Chasny does it choice. Full of unexpected turns and crucial harmonies, this is one of those albums you think about on the way home from work; cracking a cold one as the needle drops to melt away and forget how ugly the world outside is.

Young Widows – Old Wounds (Temporary Resistance Limited)

Young Widows are un-fucking-stoppable. This time around, the trio hooked up with Kurt Ballou of Converge and recorded eight live tracks while on tour, piecing the performances together on the road and in the studio. The experiment successfully intensifies the finished product, giving the 22-minute masterpiece that I-need-to-see-an-ear-doctor feel of a Young Widows live show, but with the precision of a studio album. But the recording process isn't the only thing different from Settle Down City. With new drummer Jeremy McMonigle, the band strips its influences from its collective sleeve and develops something much more than the tag "ex-members of Breather Resist." The final track "Swamped and Agitated" demonstrates that fairly well with its reverb-heavy riffs that seem to stumble up and down Evan Patterson's guitar and build into a sonically bangin' closer.

School of Seven Bells – Face to Face on High Places (Table of the Elements)

Joe Stickney's got hooks. Redefining rhythm, the Rhys Chatham percussionist hits hard and draws attention where it belongs, with the beats. That's not to say twin sisters Alejandra and Cluadia Deheza don't deserve some credit for their respective keyboard and vocal responsibilities. The two harmonize with the utmost grace, creating a soft punchiness, every syllable a celestial awakening. The album soars above clouds to capture an innocent, dreamlike sound, but without putting the listener to sleep, thanks to Stickney's inspired pummeling. Close your eyes my friends, SVIIB awaits you... Unfortunately, Stickney has left the band and joined Bear in Heaven. This is still a great album.

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